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PARSON HUBERT'S SCHOOL;

OR,

HARRY KINGSLEY'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. MYERS.

"Twixt truth and error is this difference known :
Error is fruitful, truth is only one."

THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PARSON HUBERT'S SCHOOL.



CHAPTER I.

THE HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS.

FOR a long time that part of Pennsylvania which borders on the State of New York was considered a perfect wilderness, and received that name, which it partially retains even at this day. Mountain on mountain, some conical, some long-ridged, but mostly crowned with rocky summits starting abruptly out of the pine forest, rose innumerable; and wooded precipices, brawling brooks, or foaming cascades were not wanting to give variety to the scene. Deep forests of beech, chestnut, oak, or maple, abounding in game, and for a long time never traversed except by

the trapper or Indian, clothed the plains lying at the foot.

But after the Revolution, when the tide of emigration fairly set in, and adventurers began to explore the wilderness in search of other treasures than those belonging to a primitive state, masses of rich ore, principally iron, were found hidden in the bosom of the earth, and nature in her rich providing furnished every facility of wood and water for having those mines worked to advantage.

There are few difficulties which perseverance cannot overcome. A rich Englishman, filled with the love of speculative adventure, then becoming so prevalent, with men and means at his command, took up thousands of acres; the forests were hewed down, roads opened, buildings erected in the denuded spaces, and the work of civilization once commenced went on rapidly.

It has been said that a store, tavern, and blacksmith's shop constitute an American village; if so the clearing or

settlement of "George's Valley," for so it was called, might have been almost termed a city, for smelting furnaces and forges soon began to mingle their sulphurous smoke with the pure air; workmen's cottages were seen standing in rows, or else placed here and there in the most romantic spots, and a busy population, intent on the same ends, made Rushton Furnace a miniature world.

Many farms were also rapidly cleared in the neighborhood; the head waters of the Susquehanna affording a means of water carriage for lumber or grain to the cities. The face of the whole region was soon changed from that of primitive wilderness to one of smiling plenty and rural beauty.

Enough, however, of the original forests remained to harbor plenty of game; large tracts of mountain woodland afforded a resting-place for deer; bears and wolves found a lair in the caverns or among the rocks, and gunning or the chase was pursued as pastime by the sturdy farmers.

Mr. Kingsley, the Englishman who owned the iron works, had found his speculation succeed beyond his utmost expectations; he built a house in the English style, furnished it elegantly, lived in wealth and comfort to extreme old age, and bequeathed his honorably acquired wealth to his only son.

Many years passed away in increasing prosperity and happiness, until one day, as the younger Mr. Kingsley was riding through the coaling grounds in the mountains, his horse fell with him, and he was taken up for dead. Life, however, still remained. He was taken into a collier's cabin, laid upon a bed of leaves, and after a few hours of suffering expired.

Old Walter Rowley, who in his boyhood had accompanied the elder Kingsley from England, and who was now an old gray-headed man, filling the place of overseer or steward of the farms, had gone out to help measure the wood and note the arrangement of the coal-pits. Greatly attached to the son of his old friend, he had obtained his confidence in a high

degree, and with almost the feelings of a father for an only son, he stood beside the dying man and received his last charge.

“I am dying, Walter,” said Mr. Kingsley; “leaving the world in the fullness of my strength and manhood; my son will have great wealth, which may prove a snare to him; promise me that you will watch over and faithfully admonish him when you find it necessary. I do not know any one to whom I would rather trust him than yourself, for you always do your duty.”

Walter promised, and, as he held the hand of the dying man in his own, he resolved that nothing should ever make him swerve from the performance of the high duty to which he had thus dedicated himself.

Great was the consternation and distress which the tidings occasioned at Rushton Furnace. The shock was too much for Mrs. Kingsley, who was in feeble health, and after the funeral solemnities were over she was seized with a nerv-

ous fever which brought her to the borders of the grave. Gradually she grew better, but the effect of the nervous prostration still remained. She imagined herself very ill, never left her darkened chamber, and could not bear even the slight disturbance of a foot-fall.

Out of a large family only one son remained, and, as may be supposed, he was regarded by his mother as her greatest treasure. Mr. Kingsley during his life had not been blind to the faults of his son, and tried his best to counteract the effect produced upon the boy's character, not only by his mother's indulgence, but the subservience of the work-people on the estate. He therefore kept him in check by a discipline mild, as dictated by a parent's heart, but firm, as became a man and a Christian who believed in the wisdom which inculcated the precept to "train up a child in the way he should go."

Under the steady rule of this judicious parent, Harry had passed for a good kind of a boy; he never transgressed the bounds

of propriety so greatly as to outrage the rude and ignorant people who formed the world around him at Rushton Iron Works ; nevertheless there were latent dispositions which had been kept down under the correct guidance of his father, but were ready to break forth as soon as opportunity was offered for their full development.

Harry was nine years old when he had the misfortune to lose his father, and the sad state into which his mother had fallen rendered her totally incapable of doing the double duty now imposed upon her ; so the boy might, indeed, have been considered an orphan, left wholly to his own guidance.

As there was no suitable school in the neighborhood, a tutor had been provided for him. Mr. Arnold had been well recommended, and proved himself capable. During Mr. Kingsley's life he had conducted himself so prudently that his real character had never been suspected by any one in the household. The poor mother, having the most implicit confi-

dence in Mr. Arnold, gave her son entirely into his charge, and as the utmost quiet was enjoined by her physician, and his room was in a distant part of the large building, she saw but little of him.

Harry cared very little to visit his mother. The windows were darkened with heavy curtains, the floor covered with thick carpets. All was gloomy and quiet. He could not spin his humming top, he could not see to read the funny stories in his picture books, or paint the ink engravings with the water colors of which he was the proud possessor. Thus, although he could not help observing what pleasure it gave his mother to see him, and he loved her too, he was too fond of self to make the least sacrifice of his time, give up one single amusement, or remain a moment longer in the sick chamber than he could possibly help.

His mother often sent for him. If he obeyed the summons, he showed himself restless and uneasy during the short time he stayed. Mostly, however, he excused himself from going at all, urging that he

had some lessons to learn, or was going to the fields or woods to gather plants with Mr. Arnold, or to ride with Walter Rowley and help to measure the wood in the clearings.

Thus was the poor mother deceived, and the more readily, as Harry was cunning enough to evince great interest and affection when he did visit her; and his tutor, in order to preserve his situation and save the invalid from increase of suffering, always gave favorable reports of Harry's great diligence and progress, which sent gleams of comfort to her troubled heart and lightened the burden of her sorrow.

But our poor Harry! Released from the discipline exercised over him by his excellent father, and exulting in the liberty thus afforded him of being his own master, he was in most dangerous circumstances, for the road to ruin is easy. He had many fine traits of character, and for the most part had been a favorite with the retainers on the estate. Rude and ignorant as they were, he had been taught to

treat them with the courtesy which is ever due from one human being to another, remembering that God has created them, and they too are heirs of immortality, partakers of the justification purchased by the blood of the atonement.

Now, however, this was changed. Flattered by the designing as the heir of this great estate, he became proud and haughty, began to act the great man, never spoke but in a tone of command, until, from being beloved, he became disliked by all who knew him, although some, for purposes of their own, veiled their true feeling under an appearance of the most affectionate humility.

This foolish pride, prompting such a ridiculous assumption of superiority, was not the worst evil which the removal of wholesome restraint produced in the character of the poor boy. To pride, disobedience, and idleness was added *falsehood*, the greatest and most abhorrent of all faults, because it is the fostering mother of all other vices. And for the rapid growth of all these pernicious propensi-

ties his tutor was greatly to blame. In the false reports sent to his mother lying was taught. Harry knew they were not true, and although at first his conscience reproached him when she kissed his brow, praised his diligence, and called him her sole comfort, that monitor soon became silenced. Sometimes the faithful old Walter, who was no stranger to the general impression made by his conduct, would expostulate with him. Harry only mocked at the "old gray-beard," and turned his words into ridicule. Sometimes the old man would go to Mr. Arnold, and beg him to control or punish the boy on the commission of some outrageous prank, and tell him of his father's last injunction, but without any better success. Mr. Arnold excused everything on account of the waywardness of youth, and contented himself with replying that the boy would see the error of his ways long before he arrived at manhood.

"Ah!" said Walter, "with such a beginning as you are allowing him to make he will never see manhood. You, sir, are

not doing your duty, and will help on with the ruin of this boy. I will, however, be faithful to my promise; I will make my way to his mother and tell her all."

As these occasions became more frequent Mr. Arnold was alarmed. He knew the determined character of the old farmer, and perfectly aware of the estimation in which he was held, rather dreaded the effect of an interview with Mrs. Kingsley. It was certain that whatever statement Walter might make would be believed, and then what would be the consequences to himself? Assuming, therefore, as the case grew more urgent, a different manner from that at first exhibited, he dissuaded the old man from seeking the invalid, and promised that in future he would exert a stricter rule, and punish him in case of actual transgression.

With this the farmer was obliged to be contented. Nevertheless, only half believing in the promise, he from time to time endeavored to gain admittance to the presence of Harry's mother. This

measure, however, he could not by any means effect; and if Mr. Arnold did, according to his promise, alter his present rule to one more strict, there was no apparent change in the conduct of his pupil. His lessons were read over, not studied. Slight smatterings of various branches were learned, and served barely to cover up the deficiencies truly present; and the same wealth which, rightly used, would have proved the greatest advantage, was likely to become the worst evil.

Mr. Arnold, finding himself at perfect liberty, and in the enjoyment of a good salary, used his independence as one would suppose such a man would. He was frequently absent on country rambles for half days, sometimes for whole, deeming a couple of hours in the forenoon sufficient for all the purposes of study.

But where was Harry all this time? Where did he pass those priceless hours which no after diligence can redeem? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand," had never been taught to Harry; and so, in-

stead of laying up those stores of knowledge which afterward prove so useful in the journey of life, he passed his time in the stable with the horse-boys, or went off to the woods after nuts or to hunt birds-nests with the very lowest of the furnace lads.

It is not to be supposed that he always returned from these expeditions without damage. On the contrary, his clothes not seldom were torn into tatters, his shoes left behind in some swamp, and his face and hands scratched by the briars and branches; and worse than all, his morals did not escape unscathed. This was certainly much harder work than sitting in a pleasant room over a book; but Harry liked it and the companionship into which it brought him better, and that, in his opinion, was quite reason enough why he should do it.

Sometimes, indeed, ready as was his invention, he was at a loss how to frame an excuse to his mother; but Mrs. Randall, the housekeeper, only too much of the spirit of Mr. Arnold, would help him

out of the scrape by some deceptive means which she, being older, better understood.

As time rolled on, and he was now growing a large lad, it was not hard to calculate that at no very distant period he would be master here. She was quite as well satisfied with her place as was the tutor with his; and so, believing it was her interest to wink at his errors and help him out of every scrape, is it to be wondered at that Harry soon took the reins into his own hands? He did exactly as he pleased, and learned to deceive the housekeeper and tutor when it suited him, just as they deceived his unsuspecting mother.

Mr. Arnold did in truth love books, and would sometimes insist that Harry should be more studious, and took some pains to mark out the lessons he should get. One day, being called to the school-room, he told his teacher he could not come, that his mother had sent for him. and he was to pass the whole forenoon with her; and being believed, was only too readily excused.

He went out, not to find his suffering mother, or to speak a word of comfort to her, but to the stable, for he had heard one of the men say they were going to exercise the horses. Mrs. Kingsley had strictly forbidden his riding on horseback, except in company with Walter. The accident to her husband which caused his death made her so nervously timid as to amount to weakness. She could not bear that Harry should mount a horse; he certainly would be killed as his father was; and therefore she made him promise that he never would ride without her permission. Falsehood cost Harry no trouble. Caring little for anything but that he had outwitted Mr. Arnold, he arrived at the stable just as one of the young grooms brought out a saddled horse, which he was about to mount.

“Where are you going to ride, Tom?” asked Harry.

“Old Rowley said I should go down to the mill-clearing with a message to the woodcutters,” was the reply.

“Tom, just let me get into the saddle

for a few minutes and ride round the meadow."

"No, Master Harry," was the answer; "this horse is too wild. And besides, old Rowley has forbidden us to let you ride. He says your mother charged him particularly, and he will turn off the first one of us that disobeys."

"Rowley is an old fool, Tom Hardy, and so are you," said Harry in an angry tone. "I tell you I am master here, and I will ride. See here, old fellow, I'll give you a shilling if you will just let me ride round the meadow."

"No, Master Harry, I'm not to be bought," replied Tom firmly. "You certainly would not wish me to lose my place, which I would be sure to do if I let you ride; and besides, Rattler is so wild that it often puts me to my trumps to hold him."

"I'll tell you what, Tom," rejoined Harry, "you shan't lose your place, for I can do as I please with mother. But if you are so dreadfully afraid, just help me into the saddle and hold Rattler by

the bridle, and lead him round the meadow."

The honest fellow hesitated. He hated to disobey, and equally to disoblige, and not perceiving any great harm in letting the boy ride round the meadow on a walk while himself had the bridle in his hand, he yielded, and placed his young master in the saddle.

Rattler stepped along at first very steadily, and the journey round the field might have been performed successfully if Harry could have kept his word and behaved as he ought. This he could not do. No sense of honor toward the poor lad who, above bribery, had risked so much to oblige him, restrained the purpose he had in view from the beginning. First of all he begged Tom to give the bridle into his hands, urging, "You see, Tom, Rattler is just as quiet as a lamb." Next he touched the horse on the ears with a little switch he held in his hand. The spirited animal became slightly impatient, but Tom only held him tighter and kept him in check.

They had now nearly accomplished the round of the meadow, and as Rattler had behaved very well, the groom felt his anxiety to abate, although he did not lessen his hold on the reins. No sooner, however, had they reached the end of the course, where the bars, being down, afforded an opening into the high road, than Harry was determined to perform a feat by which he should at once prove himself a skillful horseman and assert his independence of old Rowley and every one else. Accordingly, watching an opportunity, he struck Tom over the hand with his switch, so that in the pain and surprise occasioned by the blow the poor fellow lost his hold on the bridle, and Harry and Rattler were alike free.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

THE horse, released from all restraint, dashed through the opening into the road which led to the forest, and Harry, delighted at accomplishing his purpose, shouted aloud in an ecstasy of joy. . Poor Tom, in agony of dismay at the consequences of his yielding, followed at a full run, hoping to overtake Rattler ere he should reach the wood.

It was not long before Harry began to find some difficulty in maintaining his seat; yet nowise alarmed, he pulled at the reins, called aloud to the horse, and at length, really provoked, struck him with the switch. This made matters worse; Rattler broke into a full gallop. Harry dropped the reins, and as he was obliged to grasp the mane in order to preserve his balance, his early delight was changed into terror, and forgetting his late

bravery, he screamed to Tom for help; but Tom was left far behind.

The danger, now increasing every moment, was truly great to the thoughtless rider. The road through the forest was very rough and narrow; the branches of the overhanging trees, striking the already frightened animal as he flew beneath them, seemingly careless of his light burden, increased both his speed and terror. Harry screamed and wept alternately, for he now expected every moment to be dashed against a tree.

What could save him? Where was help to come from, since no one save Tom knew anything of the circumstance? But the kind Providence that watches over all sent deliverance in the moment when the danger was greatest. Old Walter Rowley had been hunting in the forest, and now, on hearing cries of distress, came forward with his gun on his shoulder. In a moment he was aware of the state of the case, and throwing down his game-bag and gun, stepped resolutely into the path directly in front of the horse. Seizing the

bridle with a strong hand, he arrested the course of the foaming animal.* Although he reared upon his hind feet and dragged the old man some steps forward, still Walter maintained his hold on the bridle, although he received several blows on his breast from Rattler's hoofs.

"And what," asks the reader, "became of Master Harry?"

He slipped quietly down from Rattler's back, and alighted on the soft bed of grass and leaves with which the earth was overspread, happily without injury to his bones, which were unbroken, and his body, which escaped being bruised. An ugly scratch which he received on his face from the rough bark of an oak was the only trophy of this headlong adventure, and gave him more uneasiness than would a severer wound elsewhere, since, unfortunately for him, it could not be hidden, and might prove a tell-tale.

Tom Hardy soon came up, and taking the bridle from the half fainting old farmer, who could not speak a word of

* See Frontispiece.

reproof or otherwise, tied him fast to a tree, and finding Harry so little hurt, left him to himself and assisted Walter to his home, which was close by.

During his absence Harry had full time for reflection. The pain from his slight flesh-wound was not sufficiently acute to demand much attention, and was a very trifling punishment for the self-willed act which had so nearly cost the life of the faithful Rowley. He wept with real sorrow when he thought of what the consequences of his self-willed act might have been; and when he reflected how greatly his mother would grieve when she should hear of the transaction, his grief was for the moment deep and sincere. With all his falsehood and disobedience he really loved his mother, and now the knowledge of how much she would suffer, caused him more mental pain than he had ever yet experienced.

When Tom returned he offered him all his pocket money if he would not tell any one of the affair, and promised also

that he would never again tease the stable boys to let him ride.

“No, Master Harry,” answered the lad, “keep your money; I am a poor man’s son, but I am not to be bought. This affair may cost me my place, for may be old Walter will have me turned off. I won’t tell it for your mother’s sake; but if they ask anything about it I’ll tell the truth.

While yet speaking he mounted the still panting horse, and rode him round the fields until he was calm, and then proceeded to execute the business which had been so greatly interrupted by the self-willed Harry.

The young gentleman left thus to himself had time to think; but his meditations were by no means pleasing; he was indeed greatly mortified at the issue of his adventure; but instead of mentally resolving to profit by the experience so dearly bought, he began to study an excuse for the scratch on his face. It is to be wished that we could tell the reader that he resolved to pursue the most he-

roic course, which would have been to go boldly forward and tell his mother the whole truth, and save poor Tom, who, although poor and ignorant, had proved himself possessed of more principle than the heir of this vast estate. But falsehood had become so habitual that, although to speak the truth would, in this case, be easier than to frame a lie, he yet preferred taking the latter course.

Having studied the part he should act, he returned home by a side path which led across the fields, and entering the house by a back door crept sneakingly to his own room.

Falsehood is always cowardly. Harry, although he could invent the specious tale which was to deceive, could not boldly face those to whom it was to be told. Tom, on the other hand, went straight to Walter Rowley, confessed the whole affair, and threw himself upon his mercy, and having ever borne a good character, was believed and kept in his place.

The old farmer was greatly wounded both in mind and body. He knew a great

deal of Harry's character, and his love for and promise to his late employer prompted him to force his way into the presence of the invalid mother, and entreat her to take some summary step toward the reformation of her son. This, however, was at this time impossible; the injury received from the blows of Rattler's hoofs was great, and confined him for several days to his bed; but aided by temperate habits his iron constitution prevailed, so that he soon recovered so far from his injuries as to resume his usual duties, and never breathed a word of the affair to any one.

The reader might readily suppose that Harry would have gone to see, and at least thank him for the important service he had performed. Not so, however. Walter, with Tom's assistance, had left the place long before Harry had recovered from his fright, and afterward, when he did think of it, he comforted himself by saying, "The old fellow gets well paid for all he does, and he did no more than he ought to do; he has always got his living

through our family, and it is no more than right that he should serve me."

For a day or two, as his mother was more than usually ill, he was able to keep out of her room; but this not continuing long, he would be obliged to explain the cause of the ugly sore scratch on his face. As several days passed over and Walter did not come near the house, (for he lived at some distance,) and being assured that Tom had kept his promise and told no one, Harry began to feel quite easy, and the only trouble he now had was to invent a suitable pretext to deceive his unsuspecting mother.

Mr. Arnold had received permission to have a gymnasium erected at the lower end of the garden, where he assisted and instructed him in performing those feats of agility considered useful in training the muscular system. It was of simple construction, and at first Harry was greatly delighted with the exercise; he hated books and lessons, but to climb the ladder, hang upon the cross bars, or swing upon the hook he could not sufficiently

practice while it was new. Without steadiness, and indulged in every new whim, he was tired of everything; and although quite carried away by the novelty of this amusement for a week or so, he soon began to complain that it tired him. "It cost too much exertion," he said; "if he must learn to climb there were trees enough in the woods; the rope scratched his hands, his head swam if he went to the top of the ladder, and to clear the ditch with a leaping pole hurt his breast; he wished the old thing had never been thought of. Dr. Martin and Mr. Arnold might use it if they pleased, as they had invented it; but for his part he wished somebody would cut it down."

In his facility for ready invention, he determined to make the wound on his face the useful agent for the removal of the hated gymnasium, and therefore on the first day of his admittance to his mother's room he was ready to utter the falsehood boldly.

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Kingsley, "where have you been, or what have

you been doing to get such a dreadful wound on your face? you will certainly be killed yet."

"O this is nothing! do not be alarmed, dear mother," replied Harry in a tone of indifference. "I have—you know Dr. Martin says I must exercise—to practice my gymnastics every morning. The day before yesterday, when I had climbed to the topmost round of the ladder I got giddy and fell down; that is, however, nothing, for Mr. Arnold says that every one has to get a few falls and bruises before he can become expert."

This was enough to cause great anxiety to the poor mother; her diseased imagination magnified every possibility into actual reality; she was perfectly certain that Harry would be killed in some of those neckbreaking exploits; for he had taken especial care *not* to let her know that he had never practiced the simplest gymnastic feat without Mr. Arnold's assistance.

She sent for Mr. Arnold; he was out, so she was forced to spend a sleepless

night, and watched impatiently for the morning, when she could tell the tutor to have the gymnasium taken down, as she was sure Harry would break his neck.

“Let me assure you, madam,” was the answer, “there is not the slightest danger; but in order to save you any unnecessary anxiety, I will obey your wishes at once.” “All the better for me,” he added, laughing, after he closed the door; “I shall have more time to myself;” and after having given the order to a workman, he took up his fishing-rod and went off with a friend to the brook.

Harry was perfectly delighted with his success. He felt that he had achieved a great exploit in cunning, and watched the taking down of the whole structure with the greatest glee. Such was now the evil course pursued by this poor boy, who, from once being a great favorite, was cordially disliked by every one who knew him. He had no friend except his mother, but for this he did not care; and full of self-esteem, and believing himself very clever,

he assumed a tone of authority and bore himself haughtily toward all.

Mrs. Randal, the housekeeper, who had great influence with Mrs. Kingsley, was the only one who did not speak against him. No more his friend than were the others, she yet pretended to treat him with great favor; for she knew if he ever complained of any one to his mother he was readily believed, and as her sway was as absolute in the household as if the whole had been her own, she sacrificed to her own interest, and made him believe she was all she seemed.

CHAPTER III.

THE PET DEER.

As months passed by and Harry grew older, he became more and more imperious; the servants and workmen's boys were obliged to render him the most submissive obedience, since there was no redress. True, they complained to Mr. Arnold, who, although he sometimes admonished him, would declare to the complainers that he could do nothing with him, as his mother would not allow him to be punished; and also to old Walter, who, becoming more uneasy as new causes of complaint met his ear, made every effort to see Mrs. Kingsley, which Mrs. Randal, who did not like him, was careful to prevent.

Constantly in need of some new playthings, no sooner was Harry rid of the obnoxious gymnasium, than he gathered up a number of dogs; but he that cannot

treat his brethren of the human race well will not be kind to animals, so he soon tired of the dogs and they of him ; if they saw him coming they would run away, and therefore after a few weeks' trial they were given up.

It was by no means uncommon in those forest regions for the huntsmen to take young fawns and tame them. One of these beautiful creatures had been brought to Rushton Iron Works some months before and shown to Mrs. Kingsley, who seemed to take more interest in it than she had evinced for anything since her affliction. She could not, however, herself attend to it, but as it became a general pet, it received ample care ; every one caressed the gentle little animal. It grew and thrived, became perfectly tame, following those it knew like a dog. Harry was at once ready to claim the ownership, and begged that Jacky should be given to him as his exclusive possession ; and having gained his mother's consent, his first act was to forbid any one's meddling with his property. But, as usual, his un-

kindness made the gentle creature shun him ; and although our spoiled boy took great delight in witnessing Jacky's graceful gambols, and would play for hours in the orchard with him, still he treated him at times very cruelly ; and animals soon learn who are or are not their friends. In order to adorn the neck of this his latest favorite, more, however, from pride than affection, Harry had purchased a handsome collar ; but, like other wearers of costly ornaments, the poor animal soon found his happiness was by no means increased by the new possession. Therefore, when Jacky found the sport rougher than he liked, he would break away from his young master's hold, run to a safe distance and then stand and look back as triumphantly as if he had achieved a conquest. The collar, however, gave the young tyrant a great advantage, as he could by it drag Jacky where he pleased. One day Harry, although by no means in a sunny humor, went out into the orchard in search of something new, and was not sorry to find

his pet companion there. The weather having been bad for a week or more, Jacky seemed on this morning particularly to enjoy his liberty; and bounding about in the exuberance of delight, he refused to obey the call of his young master, and turning his full dark eyes upon him seemed almost to say, "Catch me if you can." Chasing after the animal for some time, and finding that he paid no attention to his call of "Jack, come here, Jack," the wayward lad at length grew very angry, and seizing the fallen branch of a tree, advanced threateningly toward him. The animal understood the meaning of the movement; he knew well what was in store for him if caught, and flying toward an opening in the fence where the bars happened to be let down, passed right into the garden, which lay next the orchard. Finding himself still pursued, and becoming more and more frightened, he dashed over flowers and vegetables, making terrible havoc, and finally stopped in the middle of a large strawberry bed, where the fruit was just ripening.

It is impossible to describe the rage of Harry at this juncture ; he called to the gardener's boy, who was at work close by, and with his help Jacky was soon captured.

"I'll pay him well for not minding me," exclaimed Harry, as he beat him with a fishing-rod which he found placed against a tree.

"Do not beat the poor thing ; he did not know any better," said the gardener's boy. "What would you expect from a dumb brute that cannot understand a word ? I'm mighty sorry for the strawberries, though. Mrs. Randal, won't she scold ! I wouldn't like to catch it. O Master Harry, don't beat Jacky so hard on the head ; you'll kill him, you will."

"Do you keep quiet ; I don't want any advice from you. I'll teach him to obey," was the answer, and taking the still resisting deer by the collar, he partly led, partly dragged him into a little stable used only for storing fodder. It was now nearly empty, but the rack was still there and contained a little hay and oats, just

about enough to tempt a hungry animal. Finding a rope, he tied poor Jacky fast to a post not far from the manger, and left him as he said in punishment.

This conduct, alike cruel and thoughtless, was productive of sad effects. The deer, left for a longer time than usual without food, (for Harry had gone off after something else and forgot him,) and finding some oats on the floor, endeavored to reach them; but not being able, for the halter was too short, in the effort had twisted the rope about his neck, and was strangled. It was almost evening when Harry, remembering his favorite, went to release him; but what was his consternation to find his late playfellow lying dead on the floor. In great distress and self-reproach, he wept most bitterly over his Jacky, for he was indeed fond of him; he was so gentle and came every morning at his call to be fed by his hand; and now his cruelty had killed him.

What should he do? Every one would blame him, and Sam Stokes, the gardener's boy, knew all about the affair and

would tell. Falsehood in this case would not avail, that was plain ; and so he resolved to go at once to Mr. Arnold and tell the whole truth.

His regret was truly sincere ; and, as with many tears he confessed his offense to his tutor, he did not attempt to palliate a single circumstance, but for once in his life declared his conduct admitted of no excuse.

“ What will your mother say, Harry ? ” asked Mr. Arnold ; “ Jacky was the only thing but yourself that she ever inquired after ; and now who will like to tell her that the beautiful little fawn is dead, killed by your cruelty ? Harry, no one dare tell her but yourself.”

“ O I cannot ! I cannot ! ” exclaimed Harry with renewed weeping, “ only do not tell her this time, and I will change my whole course. O if you knew how sorry I am ; I would give anything if I could bring Jacky to life again ; I shall miss him so much for I loved him so dearly,” and he continued to weep most bitterly.

“You see,” admonished Mr. Arnold, “the necessity of considering the consequences of an act before you perform it. Your favorite only pursued his natural propensity for play ; was altogether unconscious of the mischief which, forced by you, he was doing ; and for this you punished him with a cruelty far exceeding the offense, and which has killed him. Still, as you promise better conduct for the future, I will not tell your mother this time, but be careful how you transgress again.”

Great was the surprise and regret occasioned by Jacky’s singular death ; all wondered how he had got into the stable, or what made him die ; for Harry had taken the rope from his neck before anyone saw him. Sam Stokes, however, gave some hints of what had occurred to the servants, and they guessed the truth. The young heir’s cruelty and ill temper were much commented upon in the domestic conclaves which assembled around the kitchen fire ; and the conclusion was, that without a change he would come to no good. Mrs. Kingsley herself was

the only one of the whole family who had no suspicion of the cause of Jacky's death.

On this occasion we must confess that Mr. Arnold fulfilled his duty to his pupil ; finding him in a more subdued mood than he had ever known him heretofore, he warned him of what would be the consequences of indulging his fierce temper, how such acts of cruelty would lessen him in the eyes of those over whom he would one day be placed, rendering him an object of dread to his inferiors and hatred to his equals.

Harry listened to the reproof very submissively, and for a time his conduct underwent a visible change ; the affair, although much-commented on by the family, was carefully concealed from Mrs. Kingsley ; but as the recollection of poor Jacky's sad fate faded from the memories of the cruel boy and the sympathizing servants, everything gradually resumed its old course. Mr. Arnold relaxed his vigilance and pursued his accustomed pleasures, idled his time away in fishing,

or rambles with the neighboring school-master, and his hopeful pupil, now relieved of all apprehension, turned once more into the unsafe path which for a time he had left.

He had seldom met old Walter since the horse affair; nobody mentioned Jacky in his presence; the warning of his teacher had no longer a place in his memory; new acts of disobedience, new deceptions, tricks, and falsehoods were constantly practiced, and although many prophesied the ruin of the wayward boy, not one could be found who would venture into Mrs. Kingsley's presence and arouse her to a discharge of her duty.

Mr. Arnold had often expostulated with Harry on the impropriety of his associations, and forbidden all companionship with the stable and collier boys, and he was in a measure obliged to obey. It was, however, but the seeming of obedience; for no sooner was the teacher's back turned, (and we have spoken of his frequent absences,) than the lad was off, either to the stables or the coal-pits, where

he would go birdnesting with the collier-boys. How greatly he enjoyed this cruel sport, robbing nest after nest, caring little for the anxiety of the old birds, and exulting in the paltry spoil he obtained in the possession of a few spotted eggs.

There was a lad in the employ of Walter Rowley of whose company Harry was particularly fond. Barney Quin was an honest, good-natured fellow, and much liked by old Walter and every one else; but as his yielding temper peculiarly unfitted him for companionship with the wayward heir, all intercourse had been forbidden both by Mr. Arnold and the farmer. Barney was by no means sorry at the prohibition. He knew he was no match in cunning for Harry; and as he could not resist his entreaties or commands to do thus and so, he had often got into trouble, and Rowley had at length declared that he should be discharged for the first complaint urged against their intercourse or joint offense.

The simple-hearted boy promised obedience, and determined to keep his word.

Harry well knew of the interdict, and was equally resolved to do as he pleased, and make Barney obey his bidding.

We have said game was very abundant in that wooded region, and Barney was often sent out to snare rabbits or shoot birds, and thus became quite an expert huntsman. Very often when he was setting his snares Harry would join him, and in the enjoyment of the sport both would forget alike the promise and the prohibition. All went on for a time without any trouble; but disobedience is sure to bring its own fruit, and in this case it was most bitter.

One day (it was in the beginning of summer, just before harvest) Harry, instead of being at his studies, was roaming about the fields, and saw Barney going to the woods. He had a gun on his shoulder, and a gamebag by his side; and although the young heir knew that he had a Latin lesson to get, and his tutor had threatened punishment if he did not know it, he decided at once on accompanying him. He had his book in his hand, pretending to

study as he walked; but now he joined Barney, and declared his intention of going with him.

"An' sure," said Barney, "an' by your lave you can't, Master Harry. Ould Rowley would take the ears off me if I tuk ye alongst. An' it's only blackbirds I be going to shoot, because they are bad on the corn."

"I tell you, Barney, I'm going," replied Harry; "what harm can there be if I just sit down on a stump and look at you firing among the black flock? Do, Barney, be good, and let me go this once; I won't ask you again for ever so long."

"Och, an' it's yerself knows how to coax everything out o' me," said Barney, beginning to yield; "but ould Walter bid me shoot a rabbit if I found one, and ye always make sich a noise, Master Harry, that ye'll scare everything away."

"No, Barney," urged Harry, "indeed I won't; I'll keep as quiet as a mouse. It will be rare fun to fire in among the blackbirds; won't they fly like everything when the shot rattles in among them!"

"Ireckon," was Barney's laconic answer, for he was by no means pleased to have Harry with him, and he dreaded that they might meet Walter; but he was one of those good-natured fellows who cannot muster up courage to say "no," although convinced that the utterance of that important monosyllable is often of vast importance.

They walked on in silence for a little way. Barney, being by no means inclined to talk, listened in silence to Harry's wondering if Mr. Longears, as he called the rabbit, would really come out and suffer himself to be shot.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CROW'S NEST.

WE have said that Barney was on this occasion quite averse to the companionship of his young master, and therefore, when any questions were asked him, his replies were extremely laconic.

"Is your gun loaded, Barney?" asked Harry.

"Sure an' it is. D'ye take me for a fool, to travel in the fields to shoot blackbirds widout a load in the gun?" was the answer.

"I hope there will be plenty to shoot," rejoined Harry; "I mean rabbits, for blackbirds are always plenty."

"May be," said Barney, and he walked along very fast, hoping to tire the young gentleman.

"I aint a bit afraid of a loaded gun," continued Harry; "and if it is too heavy for you, Barney, I will carry it part of the way."

“Indeed ye won’t,” answered Barney ;
“not a bit will I give it to ye. I’d sooner
give one finger of my left hand to be cut
off than let a boy like ye carry a loaded
gun, so ye need not ask it, Master Harry ;
ye can’t come that over me, any how.”

When Harry made the proposition it
was more on account of wishing to say
something than of having any real inten-
tion of carrying the gun. Barney was,
in his estimation, nothing better than a
beast of burden, whom, no matter how
much he had been oppressed, he would
never have thought it his place to
relieve ; but now, somewhat angry at this
unexpected denial and firm refusal of the
hitherto gentle and yielding Irish lad, and
determined to frighten as well as provoke
him, he began to plan how he should
possess himself of the gun. Barney should
find that his wishes were to be regarded
as a law, and although he knew quite
well what Walter had threatened if the
lad disobeyed his injunction of keeping
by himself, and he was more than a little
afraid of a loaded gun, besides being alto-

gether insincere in his proposal of carrying the gun, which he would only have done for a few steps, he was now determined to do as he pleased, and let his companion see he would not be refused.

He was mean enough to beg: "Barney, just let me carry the gun one minute."

"Indeed I will not," again reiterated Barney; "it's no use to ask, for I won't let you have it."

"But I will have it," was Harry's mental resolve; but now assured that he could not accomplish his purpose either by force or entreaty, he began to consider by what trick he could ensnare poor Barney and get possession of the gun.

"You need not make such a fuss about carrying an old gun," said he in a tone of indifference; "you think yourself a great man because you can shoot blackbirds; still I don't think there is much fun in carrying a heavy gun. I think, after all, you were right to refuse, for I am sure it would have bruised my shoulder. When I grow up, Barney, and am my own master, I intend to hunt a great deal, and you

shall always carry my gun. But you shall not wear such shabby clothes; I will pay you so well that you can dress like any gentleman. But what is that up there in that pine? aint it a crow's nest?"

"Yes, indeed," said Barney; "it is a crow's nest, but I think there is nothing in it."

"O I have always wanted a crow to pet," rejoined Harry; "they are such funny things."

"Sure, then, it's great thieves they are, and be's always stealing," was Barney's answer. "Ye'll get tired enough of them."

"Well, get me the nest if it is empty," cried Harry. "I have two doves in a cage, and I will put it in for them. But then it hangs so high; I do not believe any one could climb to that limb."

"Pooh! that's nothing," said Barney; "I can climb there easily, and will get it for you if you want it."

"No, no, Barney, you might fall and break an arm or limb, and then I should be so sorry," was Harry's rejoinder.

"And besides, Barney, you don't look as if you could climb."

"Can't I?" asked Barney; "an' sure it's myself that can do that same, and I'll bring the nest."

The pride of the simple-hearted lad was now aroused, and it was a point of honor to prove his skill as a climber and bring away the nest. He forgot old Walter's threatening, his own promise, his late resolution; and somewhat dazzled by the prospect of promotion when Harry should be of age, he determined to get the nest, even if it had been on the very top of the church steeple, whereas it was at a height on the limb which was by no means dangerous.

Throwing off his tattered jacket he laid it on the earth, placed the gun on the top of it, and as quick as possible began to ascend the tree, his steady gaze still directed toward the nest. Ah! it hangs very high; the branch is harder to reach than Barney at first supposed, and when he had ascended half way he was obliged to stop and rest. It was but for a mo-

ment, and proceeding upward he was soon so deeply buried in the green branches that he neither heard nor saw anything of Harry, who was left standing below.

This was just what the tricky youth expected and wished. He stole quietly to the spot where the unsuspecting Barney had left the gun, raised it very carefully to his shoulder, and smiled with inward delight at the prospect of the poor climber's dismay when he should find out how nicely he had been outwitted. He had his speech already framed; when at a convenient distance he would cry out: "Aha, Mr. Barney, I have the gun in spite of you. You said you would rather lose your finger than give it to me for a moment; I told you I would have the gun and my own will. Come, now, and get it, for I have done with it since I have showed you that I know how to have my own way."

But as the schemes of the wicked and designing are often frustrated just at the moment they seem to be accomplished, so Master Harry failed of his mark. A little

rosy-cheeked, bare-footed boy came out from a little sunny spot which, cleared of heavy wood, lay on one side of the forest, and Harry, attracted by the presence of the new comer, forgot the gun, nest, Barney, and even the speech by which, when spoken, he expected to enjoy the consternation of his good-natured companion.

CHAPTER V.

THE MILLER'S BOY.

THE little galopin who now advanced upon the scene had nothing in his appearance to attract the notice of a boy like Harry. His clothes were coarse and common; a straw hat, with a piece of red woollen tape for a band, adorned his head, and from his truly rustic exterior he might have formed a study for a painter.

The young heir, however, had no eye for the picturesque; but he had for something the boy was carrying, namely, a large earthen dish full of ripe strawberries, which he had just gathered in the little close, where the sun was now shining brightly. Harry was somewhat heated by his walk and carrying the gun, and he at once thought how refreshing would be these strawberries, they were so ripe and inviting, so he called out in the tone of command habitual to him: "Ho, there,

you fellow, what will you take for your strawberries?"

The boy looked as if he did not understand him.

"I say," cried Harry again, "what will you sell your strawberries for? I'll buy them of you," and he put his hand in his pocket and began to rattle some money.

"I won't sell them at all," answered the rosy-cheeked boy; "they are for my sister, who is sick with the measles. But I'll give you a handful," and pulling a few green leaves, he pinned them together by their stems so as to form a kind of dish, and filled it with the fruit and offered it to our self-willed friend.

Harry turned away indignantly. "Don't you know that all the ground and woods here belong to my mother? And those berries belong to her also. I can take the whole dish from you if I please, for you have no right to gather them on our ground. But I am willing to buy them; say, what will you take? I have not time to stand here talking to a country booby."

Harry was really angry, and expected to frighten the little rustic; he was so used to practicing this behavior and succeeding in it that he had no idea of further refusal on the part of the boy. What, however, was his astonishment to find that instead of obeying, the little fellow stood eyeing him almost contemptuously as he returned the disdained berries to the dish, and said mockingly: "Your mother's land, indeed! that close belongs to my father, as well as the mill-pond meadow. I never gathered a strawberry in your woods; and since you are too proud to take what I offered to give you, you shan't have any unless you gather them for yourself."

Harry was now very angry. "You dumb blockhead!" he cried, "I will have the dish with the strawberries. That ground doesn't belong to your father; so give me the berries or I will take them from you."

"Try it!" said the boy coolly; "you think I am afraid of you because you are carrying a gun, and think yourself so

rich. My father is rich enough too if he don't dress us so fine as you are ; but you are not going to get my berries," and as he spoke he turned into a side path which led toward his home.

"Aint you afraid I'll shoot you?" asked Harry, although he had not the slightest intention of using the gun, which, indeed, he would not have known how to fire off.

"Not I," said the boy ; "you know better than to do that."

At this moment Barney made his appearance with the empty nest in his hand. He had not till this time observed that Harry had marched off with the gun. He turned to show him the prize, but the poor lad's consternation can hardly be described when he heard the noise of quarreling, and saw Harry walking about with the gun on his shoulder. "Harry! Master Harry!" he cried out, "you'll ruin me! please lay down the gun."

The wayward boy, in his strife about the strawberries, had entirely forgotten Barney and the crow's nest; but at the

sound of his voice he turned and saw the lad coming toward him.

"I'll put it down, Barney, just where I got it; don't take it from me;" but as he quickened his pace considerably, in order to avoid having it taken from him, he stumbled over a root and fell. The gun went off, a thick cloud of smoke prevented any object from being seen. Barney uttered a cry of terror, and hastened to the spot where Harry had fallen. He found him terribly frightened, his face blackened with powder, but entirely unhurt.

A little further on, extended at full length on the ground, was the miller's boy; the earthen dish lay beside him broken; he was sobbing, but not loudly, and a small stream of blood which was trickling from his leg down over his naked foot on to the grass showed that he was wounded.

Two steps brought Barney to his side; he bent over the moaning boy and tried to raise him; but he could not stand. "Bill," said Barney, "do stand up, there's a good boy; sure ye can stand if ye'll but try!"

"I have tried, Barney, but I can't," answered Bill. "O if father would only come and carry me home, for I can't walk."

Harry was frightened, but at first only for himself. Finding himself unhurt and deserted by Barney, he advanced toward the spot where Bill was. Barney had placed him against the trunk of a tree, and was doing everything he knew of to stop the flowing blood. He gazed upon the wounded foot with horror, and sitting down beside little Bill he burst into tears, less from compassion, although he pitied the boy, than from remorse for the act of self-will which was likely to have such a sorrowful ending. Bill Allen might die; poor Barney would certainly lose his place; his mother—how would she bear the tidings of her son's conduct? for it could not be concealed from her; and then Bill's father, the miller, everybody who came to the mill would hear of it, and what would everybody think of him? He wept as he had never wept before in all his life, and felt at the moment that

he would cheerfully change places with the wounded boy.

Bill tried hard not to cry, although he was in great pain; he believed Harry was about to take his strawberries, which lay spilled on the ground, and turning to Barney he begged him to take care of them and pick them up. "Lizzie is so sick, and wants them badly;" and turning to Harry, added, "and you shan't have one if you want them ever so much."

"Bill," said Harry, in a subdued voice, "I don't want them; I couldn't eat one. Let Barney gather them up for your sick sister. But tell me, does your foot pain you much, and are you very angry with me? O Bill, I am so sorry; I never thought the gun would go off so by itself," and he burst into a renewed fit of weeping.

The little rustic, seeing how much Harry felt, looked in his face as if he wished to comfort him. "Don't fret, Master Harry; you didn't want to do it, and I reckon it won't be very much."

He spoke the last words slowly, for his

head began to swim, strange noises like the rushing of waves sounded in his ears, his rosy cheeks turned white as the blossoms of the sloe-thorn in the spring, darkness overspread his senses, and he sank fainting on the earth. Barney, terrified almost beyond thought, raised him in his arms and carried him to the mill where he gave him into the care of his parents.

"It's only a faint," said Barney; "he'll come round after a bit; there was not much in the gun but powder, so don't be too much skeered," and the good-natured lad went back to gather up the strawberries for the sick girl because "poor Bill bid him do so."

He found Harry wandering round in the greatest distress. "Barney," he cried, "I have ruined you; Bill will die, and my dear mother—what will she say? I am most unhappy."

"Sure, then, Master Harry, you need not trouble about me," answered Barney. "Ould Walter will sind me off, sure enough, for I'll tell him the truth; but I

reckon I can get a place somewhere among the farmers. Master Harry, you shouldn't have served me so; but I'll never lie, and so I'm just off to ould Rowley," and as he spoke he resumed his old jacket and game bag, shouldered the gun, and taking the road which led to the farmer's house, was soon out of sight.

Harry was now left alone. He had never in all his life been so miserable; but, alas! he was suffering more on account of the consequences of his sin than the sin itself. Had not the gun gone off and hurt the boy he would have cared little that he had deceived Barney by a lie, imposed on his good-nature, and behaved so haughtily to little Bill.

It was late in the evening before he returned home; his eyes were swelled with weeping, his face black with powder, his hair hanging in tangles round his head; he did not look at all like the neat boy who had gone forth a few hours before.

Yet his heart was comparatively lightened of its burden. He had wandered in

the neighborhood of the mill, had seen Bill Allen's father go to the neighboring town and bring Dr. Martin, and, all impatient, he waited close by the house at a turn of the road to meet and ask after the wounded boy. The busy clack of the mill was hushed; the rushing of the water as it fell over the dam, and the unwonted silence of the place had something so melancholy about it it seemed deathlike, and increased the pungency of his feelings. His heart beat loudly; what was he to hear when Dr. Martin should come along? Ah, great was his anxiety caused by the consequences of his sin!

He watched the door; he saw the doctor, accompanied by the miller, come out, and from his hiding-place heard the words which were most likely the answer to some question: "Make yourself easy, friend Allen; the boy will do well, although he must suffer some pain and have some fever. There is not the least danger of his dying or being lame. It is well it is no worse, for if it had been

little higher up, or in the knee, it would have made him a cripple for life."

As Harry, with every faculty sharpened by anxiety, heard the words distinctly, there was no need of meeting with Dr. Martin, who would likely have given him a lecture; he felt as if a heavy load had been removed from his breast, and he flew rather than walked back to his home, from whence he had been absent many hours.

He found his tutor and the rest of the family in great anxiety concerning his non-appearance. The supper bell had long since rung to call stragglers to their evening meal, but the heir of the house was not among the number who came. Mr. Arnold was uneasy, and had just dispatched some of the servants to look after him; they went to every place where he was likely to be found, except to the mill, and were returning from an unsuccessful pursuit, when they overtook him on the bridge which led from the wood to Rushton Furnace. Pale, with swollen eyes and disordered hair, they wondered

and inquired what was the matter; but to every question of where he had been so long, or what had happened to make him look as he did, he coldly answered he was tired and hungry. This was the truth, for he had left home after an early dinner, and boys do not love long fasting. Mr. Arnold suspected he had been in some new mischief; but as he could not gain any other information than what Master Harry chose to give, namely, that of being "half starved," he bade him eat his supper and troubled himself no further.

Having satisfied the cravings of his stomach, his aching limbs admonished him of the need of rest. Gladly would he have sought his bed, and at another time would have done so; but now, in his softened mood, and more humbled than he had ever been in his life, he conquered his selfishness and resolved, weary as he was, to go to his mother's room and bid her good-night.

She had for some time been growing better; indeed, Dr. Martin said that if she would exert herself to some active un-

dertaking she would soon be altogether well; and so when Harry knocked at her chamber door he found ready admittance.

Conscious of his own bad conduct, and fully humbled as he believed he was, no thought of confessing to any one ever entered his head. The terrible apprehension which at first filled his mind being now laid to rest, he believed all would go on quietly, as in the case of the pet deer. Still, we cannot say that the unusually soft and gentle manner in which he greeted and returned the caresses of his mother were insincere; most likely he just then felt that she was the only real friend he had in the world, for, throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered: "My dear, dear mother, I will never give you any trouble, but try to be everything you wish."

"You do everything, my dear Harry, that you can to please me," she answered as she smoothed his rumpled hair with her pale hand: "I have no cause to complain of you, I am sure; Mr. Arnold sends

me the best reports of your progress in your studies and conduct."

A deep blush of shame, on meeting with praises he knew were so undeserved, increased the hue of his already heated face; his heart throbbed with the most painful emotion; he longed to unburden the secret which pressed so hardly upon it, and was about to confess the whole, when the housekeeper made her appearance and announced that George Allen, the miller, was below, and wished to see Mrs. Kingsley on very particular business.

Harry on hearing these words almost fainted from excess of terror, and his face, from being of a deep red, became deathly pale. His mother remarked the sudden change, and as the former unwonted excitement of his whole system had not escaped her observance, she concluded he must be very ill. Maternal solicitude for this, the only treasure left her of her once large family, overcame every other feeling. "Tell the miller to go to Walter and transact any business he has with

him," said Mrs. Kingsley; "I wonder that he comes to me, as he knows I am always satisfied with what Walter does; and, Randall, send George for Doctor Martin; I am sure Harry has a fever."

"No, mother," cried Harry, "I have no fever; don't send George Allen away; I know and will tell you all about it. His son Bill provoked me dreadfully, and indeed he is not a bad boy. I begged him to sell me some strawberries he gathered in our woods. He said the mill-pond meadow and the clove was his father's, and—and then—"

"Yes, that's it," said Mrs. Randall; "I expect the miller has found it all out, and is coming to excuse his son's insolence. And now I remember he said the business he had with Mrs. Kingsley was something about his Bill and Master Harry. But I can settle all that without troubling you, madam."

"Don't be angry, mother," begged Harry, scarcely able to breathe. "I cannot bear that you should be vexed."

Poor Mrs. Kingsley, who had been very

far from comprehending the true state of the case from Harry's disjointed confession, imagined that her son, although greatly insulted by Bill Allen, was now interceding for indulgence toward him, and pleased with the benevolent spirit he manifested, kissed him again and again, calling him her good son. At first Harry felt that he would rather have borne stern reproof than undeserved praise; but, and we are loth to say it, he at length began to consider the affair a very trifling matter, and Bill much more blameable than himself. Such cases of self-love are very common.

"Indeed, madam," said the housekeeper, "I think it was real impudent in Bill Allen to talk that way to Master Harry. Why could he not sell the berries? He could easily have gathered more."

She did not say it would have been quite as easy for the young heir to have gathered berries for himself as for Bill Allen to have done so, and Mrs. Kingsley never thought her son could do wrong.

We cannot tell the reader what arguments Mrs. Randall used with the miller. He went away without seeing Mrs. Kingsley, and Harry, on inquiring what he said, was answered: "Do not be uneasy about it; I have settled it all nicely, and your mother need never know a word about it, so go to bed now, for you look tired."

Harry, thus fully comforted, and, as he thought, with the whole affair amicably settled, retired to rest rather than to sleep. Conscience, whose reproaches no one can fully silence, is a great retributive agent, and sent in great mercy to prevent human beings from growing callous, now asserted her right to be heard. Notwithstanding that his fears were allayed by the representations of the housekeeper, and the declaration of Dr. Martin, which he had overheard, his slumbers were broken and uneasy. He dreamed over the exciting occurrences of the day; the shot, the low-moaning of the wounded boy, the quiet reproach of poor Barney, who he knew would lose his place, all

these came forward in phases of vivid brightness and with magnified force. He tossed uneasily from side to side; his luxurious pillow was as one of thorns; and again and again, as the pictures changed and showed deeper shadows, he resolved to conquer his tendency to falsehood, arrogance, and self-will, seeing how greatly he and others had suffered from the exercise of those evil propensities.

But these compunctious feelings were of short duration; by the next morning all was forgotten, the sun arose bright and beautiful, the woods were filled with melody, and he heard that one of the clerks was going to the mountain clearings to count the ranks of felled wood. His uncle had, shortly before this, made him a present of a quiet pony, which he was permitted to ride whenever he pleased. He asked his mother's permission to go with Mr. —; this being granted, he set forth gayly, and the late painful consequences of his self-will were entirely forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD WALTER'S VISIT.

In the course of the day, and during Harry's absence in the clearings, the affair had been made quite public, and the miller, finding no admission to Mrs. Kingsley's presence, forced his way to Mr. Arnold, and told him of the whole occurrence: "I'll tell you what, sir," said he; "that boy is considered the pest of the neighborhood, and if you do not take him in hand somebody else will, for, even if he is so rich, we are not going to let him carry on this way. Everybody knows that my Bill is a good boy, and never harms any one; and then poor Barney Quin, that has to help his mother, has lost his place with old Rowley, just because he obliged Master Harry, instead of driving him off as he ought to have done."

Mr. Arnold was more troubled than he

had ever before been on Harry's account. He felt himself somewhat answerable, for if he had been discharging his duty to his pupil as he ought it could not have happened, and therefore he determined to chastise him as he deserved. But when he began the preliminary reproof, he was surprised to find himself met with insolence.

"I wish you would try a stick on me," retorted the boy boldly. "I told my mother all about it. The miller was here on the same evening it happened. I don't see why there need be any more fuss, as mother has forgiven me and says she don't want to hear another word about it. If you don't believe me you can ask her or Mrs. Randall; but I tell you you had better not try chastisement on me."

Harry knew well that no questions would be asked of his mother, and that the housekeeper might be depended on; she would tell no tales which would rebound to Harry's discredit, neither for his own sake or that of Mrs. Kingley. So the affair, although much talked of, went

unpunished ; and it is hard to tell where the evil would have stopped had not one true friend, caring less for self-interest than the love of truth and right, come forward to the rescue.

Viewing the occurrence in the serious light it deserved, and as no one seemed to have the courage to tell Mrs. Kingsley of Harry's flagrant conduct, Walter Rowley, remembering the promise made to the dying father, resolved to undertake the arduous duty himself. For this purpose he one evening made his appearance at the "great house," as they called it, and boldly demanded to be admitted to Mrs. Kingsley's presence, as his business was of the highest importance, and could not be communicated to any one but herself.

The message was carried to the house-keeper. Wondering what his errand was, she tried in vain to find out what could have happened. She dared not ask, for she was rather afraid of the stern old man, who she knew would not submit to be trifled with. Had she suspected it was about the affair concerning the miller's

boy, she would have used every effort to prevent the interview; for when she heard it spoken of, she always insisted it was nonsense to make such a fuss as had been made about such a little thing as an accidental wound in the leg. Not being able, therefore, to get anything out of old Walter, she thought it best to admit him to her mistress's presence, for in that way only could her curiosity be gratified, and so she showed him in the sick chamber herself.

It was a long, long time since Rowley had seen Mrs. Kingsley, and, not prepared for the change in her whole appearance, he was greatly shocked. He had heard she was recovering. This was true; but as he saw her sitting in an arm-chair, so pale, and seemingly so weak, and recalled the thought of the sad occurrence which had robbed her of her health and bloom, he felt ready to give up his purpose. How could he add to her affliction? how tell her the tidings so calculated to wound her, and which she ought to know—the conduct of her only son?

Tears of emotion filled his eyes, and at first he could not find words wherewith to begin his narration. But the promise given to the dying father, whom he had loved as a son; whom, when a child, he had often nursed on his knees, and never believed he could have outlived, all came up vividly before his memory, and manned him for his duty.

Mrs. Kingsley saw how much he felt, and scarcely less moved, reached him her hand, and bade him be seated. "You have always proved yourself a true friend of our family, Walter; why is it that you have never, since that sad day, come to see me? Speak your wishes; whatever they may be they shall be granted, for you never ask anything unreasonable."

"My good lady," replied Walter, suddenly restored to himself, "my affection for the Kingsley family is unchangeable. You know how that when a boy I came with them from my own country, and have never left their service for a single day. But I have not come to ask any favor for myself; I have all I want, thanks

to your kindness. I am a plain, blunt old man, and I will tell you plainly what I came for. It concerns Master Harry."

"What! what!" exclaimed Mrs. Kingsley, starting from her chair; "I know Harry went to ride; has anything happened to my son? Speak; tell me the worst quickly."

"Do not be uneasy, madam," said Walter quietly; "Master Harry has met with no bodily harm. But, (I am sorry to pain you,) he has for some time been going astray, treading on a path from which only a very strong hand can turn him. Out of false tenderness, those around him have concealed his errors from you, glossed them over as of small account, although they have talked hardly of him behind his back. It is not yet, however, too late to remedy the evil. And now, if I may advise, which in all humility I do, if you, dear madam, would attend a little more to see how he is being instructed—I am a poor and uneducated man, but as I understand things, it would help you

greatly to forget your trouble for Master William's death—if you—”

“Walter,” interrupted the invalid mother, “I can bear a great deal from you on William's account, for I know how well he esteemed you; but the heart of a mother is a tender thing, and I think you might have spared me this trial. Are you not too stern, and do you not judge too harshly of my poor boy?”

Walter, touched to the heart by this appeal, had no answer just ready; but moved by a sudden impulse, and rising from his chair, he unbuttoned his woolen blouse, opened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed to the eye of the astonished mother several red and seemingly fresh scars which marked his breast. “I hard and harsh toward any of the Kingsley family?” he asked. “I have lived by their favor all my life, and how much I am devoted to their interests these scars are witness. I received the wounds that left them on my breast the day when Master Harry deceived Sam Stokes into letting him ride Rattler. The horse ran

away with him into the forest, and he would have been killed if I had not placed myself in the way and relieved him. You may remember the scratch on his face. I am ashamed," he added, "ashamed indeed of saying anything like boasting of a good deed, but I could not bear your reproof, which was undeserved, since on that occasion I placed my life in danger."

"What?" inquired Mrs. Kingsley, almost breathless; "did Harry mount that wild horse when I had so expressly forbidden him? And you, Walter, saved his life at the risk of your own? You will be rewarded, Walter, both here and hereafter. I remember the scratch, but Harry told me he hurt his face in practicing gymnastics on the bars of the ladder, and I ordered it to be taken down. Has he really told me such a downright falsehood?" and the thought seemed entirely to overcome her.

"There is no need for alarm now," said Walter. "We ought to be very thankful that it had no worse ending." He was sorry he had shown his scars or told the

circumstance, since it affected her so much; and he was greatly astonished to find that she was entirely ignorant of the whole occurrence. He saw, however, that she had been imposed upon by great falsehoods, and now, more than ever convinced of what was the right course, was determined to proceed faithfully with the painful duty he had commenced, although he was at a loss for words to begin with. It took him some time to consider.

Mrs. Kingsley was however the first to speak. Laying her pale hand on the brawny arm of the old farmer, she bade him tell her the worst. "Speak openly, Walter," said she; "tell the deceived mother the truth; the physician wounds that he may heal, and I thank you from my very heart that one has been found faithful enough to tell me of my boy's errors while there is yet time to cure him."

"I am sorry to pain you, but I will tell you the plain truth," replied Walter, and accordingly he gave a full, but unvarnished statement of all that we have related. He showed her how ruinous was the indul-

gence which had allowed Harry to pursue his late course unpunished, how his self-will had increased and brought falsehood, that hateful vice, in its train, and what serious consequences, save for the intervention of a kind Providence, might have ensued from his tyranny which caused the quarrel with the miller's boy in the wood.

He spoke of poor Barney also, and declared how much grieved he was to be obliged to discharge him. He would not break his word, and so he sent him off, but procured him an excellent place, for he said he was a good boy, and always told the truth.

Most modestly and impressively he entreated, in his own homely manner, that she would rouse herself from the further indulgence of her unavailing sorrow, and attend to the duties which, as a living being and a mother, it was incumbent on her to perform. "Life," said he, "is a glorious gift, and we are answerable for the use or disuse of every moment; and we sin greatly when we do not use the talents committed to our charge."

Mrs. Kingsley listened attentively, and offered no interruption to the old man while he spoke. She felt assured that Harry now required a stricter rule than she would be able to maintain; a stronger hand than hers would be required to withdraw him from the dangerous path she saw he was treading. "I can make the sacrifice," she said; "I will send him away, although it will break my heart to part with the only possession I care for."

"Dear madam," said Walter, deeply touched by her sorrow and the noble spirit with which, in spite of grief and sickness, she resolved to fulfill the stern duty now before her, "do not forget with how many blessings a kind Providence has surrounded you. He who cannot err did indeed remove your greatest earthly blessing with a stroke, but see what is left: wealth and a son, who, if you raise him properly, may prove a blessing to the humble community of workmen who live on your property. Think, too, how much you can do by which they can be made better and yourself happier."

“In what way, Walter?” inquired the invalid; “tell me what one so weak as I can do?”

“Build a little church, and set an example to these poor, ignorant people who have no idea what religion is, by going yourself to hear the Gospel preached; establish a Sabbath-school; have the children who now go birdnesting and fishing on that sacred day, gathered up and be taught what is the true duty of all who live.”

“I feel that you are right, Walter,” said Mrs. Kingsley, “but am I able for such an effort? How shall I bring myself to part with Harry?”

“There is no duty which we know to be right, however hard it may be, in which we will not be aided in the performance by a better strength than our own. And remember the case of Eli, how he was punished for the iniquity of his sons. He did reprove them when it was too late; he had been threatened with evil to his whole house, and admonished them, but he took no summary step to try to reform

them. 'Therefore,' saith the Scriptures, 'have I told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.' So, also, if a child is not trained up in the way that he should go, the man seldom chooses the right path."

Mrs. Kingsley did not answer, and Walter sat with his hat in his hand, ready to leave, but still waiting for her to speak. The sun was setting, but his last rays, faintly penetrating the thick curtains, made the gloom of the sick chamber more apparent. The old farmer gazed on the thin form and pale face of the mother, whose heart he thus felt himself obliged to pain, and wondered what indeed would be her decision. The silence seemed almost ominous. Lost in thought, she appeared to be altogether unconscious of the presence of any one, until the increasing darkness warned Walter that it was time to depart.

The slight noise made as he pushed back his chair aroused her to recollec-

tion. "You are going, Rowley?" she said, as with a melancholy smile she reached forth her hand for leave-taking: "Come soon again, or no, wait until I send for you; I will think over all you have said, for I respect you as the only one who has had the courage or been friendly enough to tell me the truth.

The old man bowed his answer and left the room, only now feeling how hard had been the duty he had forced himself to perform. He had fulfilled his promise made to the dying; he had spoken the truth as it was right he should do, but then by so doing he had raised the veil and let in the light upon that sad heart, depriving it of the last happiness (treacherous indeed, and better removed) which she possessed in the belief of her son's goodness.

He found the housekeeper in the outer room, and remarked her agitated looks. She had listened at the key-hole, and heard all that had been said. Most gladly would she have given the "old bear," as she always called him, "a piece of her

mind," but somehow, she never could think why it was, she never could talk to him as she could to others. Rude in appearance, stern in looks, there was still something so dignified in his manner that familiarity or rudeness were alike repelled. Was it not the reflex of the pure mind concealed under this rough exterior that forbade any intrusion? She therefore accosted him courteously, invited him to stay and partake of the supper which she said was "just now ready, and surely he would not take such a long walk as he had before him without having eaten something." Walter, however, declined the invitation, and proceeded homeward, while the housekeeper went to find Harry and tell him all that she had overheard.

Great was his indignation; but assured that any exhibition of it would be of no avail, and knowing well how to dissemble, when he went to pay his evening visit to his mother, he behaved just as usual. Neither did she mention anything of the farmer's visit; her plans were scarce-

ly yet projected, and very much excited by the conversation with Walter, she was too much exhausted to say anything about that which had occurred, and was to prove productive of a great change to the wayward boy. He therefore went to bed quite happy in the thought that Mrs. Randall must be mistaken, or that, even if she had heard rightly, his mother was not going to let that "old bear Rowley" persuade her to send him off to school.

CHAPTER VII.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

WHATEVER had been the character of Mrs. Kingsley's meditations during the night, it is certain that Mrs. Randall remarked a great change in her whole manner when she entered her chamber in the morning. Although she endeavored by adroit questioning to find out what was likely to be the result of the conversation of the preceding day, she was entirely baffled by the unusual silence and brief answers she received. At length she ventured to name Walter Rowley; but Mrs. Kingsley, either not hearing what she said, or not choosing to answer, desired her to order that her carriage should be sent for Dr. Martin. This seemed very strange to the housekeeper, as that gentleman had been to see her only on the day previous, and there was no sudden indisposition apparent to make

a visit necessary, as the invalid had risen earlier than she had done for months, and dressed herself without aid from any one.

Dr. Martin came; a long conversation ensued of which Mrs. Randall could not overhear a word, for Mrs. Kingsley had left her sick chamber for the first time and received him in the drawing room, where there was no good place for listening. Nevertheless, as she told Harry, "these closetings boded no good, and she was really afraid that old Walter's advice would, after all, be taken."

The doctor having taken his departure, Harry was summoned to his mother's room. Nowise alarmed at the tale told him by Mrs. Randall, for he was determined not to go from home, and never doubted but that he should gain his point, notwithstanding old Walter's influence with his mother, he obeyed the bidding readily. He was in great glee, having just returned from a ride on his new pony, and flying up to Mrs. Kingsley he began to overwhelm her with caresses, and

declare his great delight at being the master of "such a beautiful little horse."

The reception, singular as new, which he now met with, at once convinced him that something was wrong. "My son," said his mother seriously, as she shrunk from his caresses, "you have been deceiving me, and but for the faithfulness of one true friend I should still have been in error concerning your conduct. How could you come to me with falsehood when you knew that good old Walter had been so much injured in saving you? And now I have determined that in less than a fortnight you must go from home to be under the charge of a strict teacher, who has been recommended to me as one particularly capable of teaching you your duty and reclaiming you from the evil way into which you have fallen. O Harry! how you have deceived me. I believed you a good, obedient boy, and now how hard it is to find that you have been uttering falsehood upon falsehood, and acting toward your inferiors in the most tyrannical and heartless manner. Prom-

ise me to try and conquer these hateful propensities which I now know you to possess, and give happiness to my heart by proving yourself a truthloving and obedient boy, which until yesterday I believed you."

"Indeed I will not go one step from home, mother," cried Harry, half frightened and half angry; "I will not obey anybody but you."

"You have no right to say what you will or will not do," rejoined Mrs. Kingsley firmly; "you must now learn how to submit your foolish and stubborn will to the wholesome rule of others, and so you must prepare to obey without one word of objection. You have acted in disobedience to God's holy law and will, deceived with falsehood, and rejected the counsels of those who in wisdom he placed over you; your mother, your teacher, and other well-meaning friends. But I will not be too hard upon you, for I know that I am much to blame in giving way to sadness when I would have done better in overseeing your education. But as

the course hitherto pursued has been so faulty, it is necessary that double diligence be used in order to make up for lost time; and so you must yield to necessity, and make no ado about going."

"Never!" cried Harry, bursting into tears; "I won't go from home, where I shall never see you. I do not love anybody but you, and I will die if you send me away."

"Stubbornness is an iniquity, and obedience is better than sacrifice," said his mother firmly as he hung on her neck, and with violent sobbings promised to try to overcome his faults, and be all that she wished. But even in this outburst of violent emotion the pride and self-will of his character was apparent; and as he would not listen to any explanation from his mother, she, finding the excitement too much for her feeble health, at length rang for a servant, and bade him be taken to his own room.

The fortnight which was to pass before he left his home passed only too quickly in the vain hope, each day, that his

mother would relent, and keep him with her. He would not believe she could live without him. In this Mrs. Randall encouraged him; and it was not until the last day that he began to view the affair as really serious.

But feeble and sick as Mrs. Kingsley was, she had at length recognized her duty, and was determined to perform it. One morning, after having been duly prepared, Harry was awakened at an earlier hour than usual, and on descending to the breakfast room found a good meal in readiness, and Doctor Martin waiting for him. The trunks were standing in the hall, and he heard the carriage wheels grate on the gravel as it drew up before the door. It was really true, then; he was going in earnest; but he was determined not to yield without a struggle. He wept loudly; declared he would not go a step from home; insisted that he would run off on the first opportunity, and, in short, behaved as badly as possible. But all was of no avail. Before he had half recovered from his passion he

found himself in the carriage beside Doctor Martin, and rolling away at a swift rate from his home and the scenes of his youthful pleasures.

Mr. Arnold was dismissed on the same day, and greatly to his own regret, as he knew it might be long before he could obtain another so desirable a situation.

Mrs. Kingsley of course suffered much at the parting with her son; but her duty was plain, and she was determined to make a great effort to overcome self. She did so, and succeeded.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARSON HUBERT AT HOME.

WE will not attempt to describe Harry's mood as the carriage rolled onward and bore him toward the place of his "imprisonment," as he termed it. Doctor Martin kindly endeavored to amuse and interest him, by describing the perfect amiability of the family he was about to enter, and told him he was sure if he conducted himself properly he would find himself happy, and the time of his absence from home would depend entirely on the reports of his good or bad behavior. To this our sullen boy at first returned no answer; but having wept until he was weary, leaned back among the cushions and went to sleep.

He could not, however, sleep all day; and when at length he awoke, the change of scene and novelty of the country through which he passed were not without some

influence upon him. He began to listen to Dr. Martin's remarks, then to answer respectfully, and at last was so far gained over as to promise that he would not, while in Parson Hubert's family, make any disturbance by any useless act of rebellion, which would call for severity on the part of his teacher. We will not detail Dr. Martin's exhortations, but simply state that, while he described Parson Hubert as a most learned and pious man, gentle as a child, entering into all the feelings and sports of the boys who boarded in his family, he was yet a stern disciplinarian, who could not be disobeyed with impunity.

"And now, Harry," he added in conclusion, "although obedience and a straightforward course will prove rather a hard task to one who has been accustomed to have his own way, I advise you to yield to the superior power. It will be the first step toward conquering self; it will lessen the term of your probation, and make you happier than you have been for a long time."

The journey was long. They traveled one whole day and part of another, and it was four in the afternoon when they reached a small village, beautifully situated in a little valley encased in a framework of hills. They passed through it, and at a little distance beyond, towering above the tall poplars by which it was surrounded, was seen the spire of Parson Hubert's church.

A little further on was the pastor's house, a rather large building, of two stories, the exterior of which, though plain, was very inviting. It stood in the midst of a large lawn, inclosed by a green fence, which separated it from the high road. A large, strongly built gate gave entrance to the lawn, which was filled with shrubbery and beds of flowers, and seemed to have been kept in the most perfect order. In front of the house was what in these days is called a verandah, in those of which we write a porch, with pillars, not of the Corinthian order, but of trunks of young pines, stripped of their bark and varnished. Harry thought it "an odd-

looking porch," but the beautiful climbing vines that entwined their clasping tendrils and mounted to the very roof, perfected an attraction never surpassed by any work of art. The blue and purple vesteria hung in long tassels between the dark leaves of ivy; the sweet brier and prairie rose mingled lovingly together as members of one family. A large kitchen garden was seen running along the back of the house, and a long row of bee-hives, ranged outside the fence, placed most conveniently near the flowers from which the busy wanderers, now returning homeward, had extracted the sweets. All presented a picture of rural beauty, comfort, plenty, and neatness; and even our wayward boy, although determined not to be pleased, could not restrain some expressions of admiration.

The cows were coming home to be milked, the horses were being loosed from the plow, the merry calves were bounding playfully around the trough into which a rustic looking lad was pouring milk from two buckets which he carried.

A little inclosure on one side of the lawn was strewn with sand; here two little boys were playing ball; two larger lads with green woolen bags filled with plants, insects, and pebbles, thrown over their shoulders, were just entering the gate. They were just returning from a walk through the fields, where they had been collecting specimens for the study of natural history.

"Well, Harry, this is our place of destination," said Dr. Martin as the carriage stopped outside the large green gate. "Don't you think you will be able to get along quite comfortably here?"

"'Tis a horrid out of the way place," replied Harry peevishly, "but I'll try, on mother's account, to like it; but if it gets too bad I'll run off."

"You had better not try that trick," said Dr. Martin laughing; "it would be a real piece of foolhardiness, which is as different from true courage as night is from day. No, Harry," he added more seriously, "the true heroism in your



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case is to conquer self; and now that you are brought into companionship with other boys, you will know what kind of warfare that is."

By this time they had reached the verandah. An elderly gentleman answered the knock, and Harry was much surprised that it was Parson Hubert himself who opened the door. "Where is the servant?" he said to himself; "they must be mighty queer people if they keep no servant, and admit strangers themselves."

Nor were these self-communings ended when he entered and was introduced to the different members of the household. First was Mrs. Hubert, ("Aunt Pattie," as the boys who boarded there called her,) a plain, neat little person with one of the sweetest countenances in the world. She received him with almost maternal kindness, which made but little impression on the wayward boy, who, determined not to be pleased with anything, wondered what his mother could possibly mean by sending him to learn submission and self-

conquest from such unfashionable looking people as these.

The low ceilings of the rooms, with their small windows, he declared were enough to smother him; and again he promised everything if Dr. Martin would take him home again, as he "really could not exist in such a place."

"I think," answered the doctor dryly, "that where one person can exist another can; and truly every one of the family I have yet seen wears an appearance of the very best health."

And, indeed, this remark was true, for three finer, more blooming, and happier looking boys than they who now came forward to greet him could not be found anywhere. They came up without any boyish bashfulness and offered the hand of fellowship, which Harry indeed took very coldly. They invited him at once to join them in their sport; but he refused on plea of weariness. The truth was, however, he was too proud to play with boys two of whom were younger than himself, and mentally resolved to

keep aloof from the "young rustics," as he was pleased to term them. So he sat by the window silent and sullen, looking out at the distant village, or replying only monosyllables when addressed.

If all without was in perfect order, not less so was all within. Mrs. Hubert ("Aunt Pattie") was a little woman, who in her simple cap and country-made gown was the very emblem of neatness, and every way worthy to be the wife of such a man as the good parson.

Finding her cordiality neglected, and that she could make no impression on the new comer, of whose character she was perfectly aware, she left him to his meditations, and busied herself in preparing the evening meal. The table was covered with a cloth of the whitest diaper, and every eatable upon it was prepared in the best manner. The nice home-baked bread, the fresh butter, the cheese made in her own dairy by her own hands, the preserved as well as fresh fruit, coffee, and plenty of excellent milk, all tempting to a good appetite, were spread out most

invitingly. Harry, however, would not eat, declaring he was not hungry, although a dish filled up with rich white honey in the comb, and which was brought forth in honor of the new guests, had almost tempted him to forego his resolution.

For this one night he occupied the "spare room" with Dr. Martin, who on taking his leave after breakfast again admonished our wayward boy, who still declared he would run away. "Really," said the doctor, "you'll find that no easy matter, and your wisest course will be to behave yourself and learn all you can."

To this no answer was made, except a violent fit of anger which vented itself in loud sobbings; but no notice being taken of it, he finally subsided into a sullen indifference. He went about all day rejecting everything offered him. The boys called him to come and play, or all three clustering around offered him books, or tried to draw him into conversation. Aunt Pattie still spread her inviting table. No, he would not play, he would not talk,

he would not eat ; he would starve himself into sickness, and then they must send him home ; he “ never would submit, no, that he would not.” And so he tried to make himself altogether disagreeable, and, we must confess, fully succeeded.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW COMPANIONS AND NEW RULES.

IF Harry thought to gain his point by the course of conduct we have just narrated he reckoned without his host. He looked at the boys as with great appetite they devoured the evening meal, and would not believe that anything could ever induce him to become familiar with such rustic looking fellows, or that the quiet, friendly pastor, who seemed to enter into all the sports of the boys and even joke with them, was the one who was to give him the moral as well as intellectual training he so much required.

But Pastor Hubert was one of those wise people who think that work should be work and play play; so at times he gave his boys full liberty, and even made himself quite a boy among them all. Yet it was easy to see that amid all the freedom he used, and allowed them to

use, it "was merely the pleasant condescension of a supreme ruler, so certain of his authority that he could afford to let the reins loose at times." But firm in all things, he never allowed the slightest breach of discipline; his will in all things was a law, his "yea" was yea, and his "nay," nay, and no one under his rule ever dreamed of opposing him.

Such was the person whom Dr. Martin had chosen to conduct the education of our hitherto neglected boy; how he succeeded the further course of our history will show.

"My son," said he, addressing Harry after Dr. Martin had departed, "I will not require you to begin your studies to-day, so, being for the present our guest, you can amuse yourself in the manner that pleases you best. I wish you, however, to observe the two simple rules that are strictly maintained throughout my household, namely, order and punctuality. The boys will show you the class-rooms and tell you the order of the lessons. Every hour is regularly filled up, as you will find, either for study, recreation, or

play. To-morrow morning it will be required of you to rise and perform the same duties with the other boys, and after breakfast I will examine how far you are advanced in your studies, and give you a proper place in the class. Six is the hour for rising ; for a week your comrades will awaken you ; after that you will be accustomed to wake at that hour, and remember that punctuality is required invariably."

This was all spoken in the quietest manner imaginable, but yet so determinedly as to admit of no doubt of its being intended to be obeyed. And it was astonishing with how little trouble he did manage his school. He never thrashed the boys, nor ever scolded in the passionate manner many teachers do ; but he reduced the conflicting elements which go to compose that miniature world, a school, to a discipline and order perfectly marvelous. And why ? How could he effect so easily what most deem so difficult ? Only because, "like all good rulers," he first governed that very difficult subject, self. Truth, temper, conscien-

tiousness never failed, and a knowledge of the weakness of human nature rendered him lenient to the offender even while he made him wince under the quiet discipline he inflicted.

Harry gazed into his eyes as he was speaking, and a foreboding that there could be no trifling with Pastor Hubert filled him with deeper gloom than even that which had from the hour of his arrival overshadowed him. Altogether cast down, he sauntered into the garden, where he seated himself in a vine-covered arbor, and as he gave way to the apprehensions of coming evil, amused himself with kicking up the sand and earth with the toe of his boot. Here he remained until the recitations were finished, and the day scholars departed, a fact he was speedily made aware of by the shouts and laughter of the three boys to whom, as boarders of the family, he had been introduced.

Harry looked up to see what caused their merriment, and was made aware of the presence of "Aunt Pattie," who was gathering dry beans which had ripened

in a large bed close beside the arbor where he sat sulking. So quiet and noiseless had she been in pursuing her work that Harry had not heard her.

"May we help you, auntie?" asked Charles Harding, the eldest of the boys.

"Yes, indeed," replied she laughing, "and when we have finished we will go and pull the early plums, each one shall have a pocket full, for the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"O the early plums! the early plums!" shouted the two lesser boys, Will Tracy and Ned Hartly, little Ned they all called him; "what a dear good auntie you are," cried the latter, "to give us so many plums; there is nothing better than ripe plums."

At this moment, his eyes glancing toward the arbor, he observed Harry. "There is the new boy," said he, "and he looks so lonesome. Charlie, you are the biggest, go and bring him to play."

"That means to help pull plums," replied Charlie, who, as he spoke, went forward and invited the stranger to come and assist in their work and share the reward.

"No, thank you," he replied coldly ;
"I have no fancy for shelling beans, and
I am astonished that such a large boy as
you can enjoy such childish sport."

"Our work is play," answered Charlie ;
"but don't you like plums?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "but I could al-
ways get enough at home without shelling
beans for pay. My mother has the greatest
quantity of fruit in her garden ; I could get
it whenever I wanted, and now I have
plenty of money, so I'll buy what I want."

"Well, well," said Charlie good-natur-
edly, "we thought you would like the
fun, and it was no more than right to ask
you;" and so without a further word he
went back to the boys, leaving Harry still
venting his ill humor on the sand.

"Won't sulky come?" asked Will
Tracy. "What a blockhead the young
gentleman must be. For my part I'll
'leave him alone in his glory.'"

"So will I," rejoined Charlie. "I'll—"
he did not say what he would do, for just
at this moment the gentle voice of Aunt
Pattie interposed its soft accents.

“Hush, boys,” she said; “remember that ‘charity suffereth long and is kind, thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked, but hopeth all things.’ Be kind, therefore, to the poor boy, who has left a luxurious home and an indulgent mother. Most likely he is home-sick, and I am sure you all know what it is to be home-sick. Have you forgotten how sad each one of you was upon the first day you came?”

“O yes, indeed, on the first day,” said little Ned; “but then the next day you told me such pretty stories that I forgot all about it. Don’t you remember, aunty?”

“O yes, I do,” interrupted Will Tracy, “and that you showed me how to write a letter to my father and mother; you told me all what to put in it, and then I felt a great deal happier to think I could tell all my thoughts to my dear parents if I was separated from them. I am sorry I called him ‘sulky’ and a ‘blockhead.’”

“Ah, Will,” said Aunt Pattie, “you have a great deal to learn yet. It is so wrong to call names; and that ‘charity’

of which we have been speaking is 'not easily provoked, and never behaves itself unseemly.' "

Charlie, who was a very steady boy, and did everything well, thought right to give his testimony. "I was very homesick," said he, "but I did not like to show it. I suppose Uncle Hubert found it out; you know he finds out everything some how; so he took me out to the meadows down there by the swamp-wil-lows, and showed me plants, flowers, beetles, and butterflies, and told me all about Natural History, which I had never heard mentioned in our school at home. And so, with reading the books he gave me, which told of the traits of the animals, and the arrangement of my beetles, butterflies, and flowers, I had no time left to fret about home. Uncle Hubert has always told me that 'employment is the best cure for useless sorrow.' I believe it, and although I have nothing to trouble me just now, except that we can't please the 'new boy,' I propose we begin at once picking our beans."

As they pursued the task at once of employment and sport, and the sound of their merry voices reached the arbor where Harry sat and sulked, he began to wish he had accepted the invitation to join them. It would indeed have been the best plan, for his sullenness affected no one but himself. Time hung very heavily; the shouts and laughter of the happy boys contrasted with and increased his dejected mood, and in order to get rid of his bad feelings he began to recall all the pleasant home scenes and home possessions which he had forfeited by his own self-will. He thought of his pony, the gift of his kind uncle, (and he did so love to ride on horseback,) how it was standing idle in the stable; of his pigeons—this was about the hour when he used to feed them; of his little watch—yes, and he wondered where it was; he was so hurried on the morning of leaving home he must have forgotten it, and may be the housekeeper had purposely neglected to put it in his trunk. Out of humor with himself and everybody else, he was ready to shed tears over what he

considered his hard lot, but pride and shame kept them back.

The task, or rather play, of bean shelling was ended, and now the merry lads were ready for something else. Harry despised them in his heart (*despised* was the word he used; perhaps *envied* would have been a more suitable one) as being very silly boys, who could find pleasure in such a trifling recreation as shelling beans or pulling a few plums; and perhaps some of our young readers may be of the same opinion, while others are not. To the latter we would offer as an excuse for Harry, that he had never associated with boys of his own age, and was a stranger to the happiness which light-hearted lads can find in every employment, whether, like this, trifling, or more laborious. His associations had all been with persons older than himself, and now he held these boys, whose brains, even those of the least one among them, were better furnished than his own, in utter contempt.

But now, the task being ended, they were going to the plum-trees, and, in

accordance with a hint from Aunt Pattie, once more invited him to join them.

No, he would not; and although sincere in their invitations, they would not coax him, so off they ran, no way affected by his sullenness, to continue their sport. There hung the inviting fruit, now fully ripe; surely it was worth some trouble to gather it when, covered with its purple bloom, it looked so temptingly from among the green leaves. Charlie, being the largest, shook the tree; Will and Ned gathered the plums, and thought it great sport when one hit either of them on the nose, which was very often.

Harry, as he witnessed their gambols while they ran over the potato beds to pick up those that rolled away, almost yielded to the desire he felt to join them, but his pride would not allow him. He loved fruit, and Aunt Pattie's plums were very fine; and the boys, who were every day being instructed in the law of kindness, having at length finished and filled their pockets, came once more to the

arbor showing their stores, and offered to share with him.

He was ashamed to accept, and felt that he did not deserve so much kindness, therefore he replied coldly: "No, I thank you; I would rather buy them."

The boys looked at each other with an expression which seemed to say: "What a silly fellow is this who has come among us!" and they once more ran off a little distance and began some new play.

Harry now rose from his seat and went into the house, in order to find some one who could tell him where he might buy some plums. The only person he met was Annie, the servant girl. "Can you get fruit here? does any one keep it to sell?" was his question.

"Yes, indeed," answered Annie, "plenty of fruit, for everybody in the village has a garden and some fruit-trees, which bring them as much as they want. So then, as they all have as much as they use, nobody sells it. But we have plenty of all kinds of fruit, and I am sure, if you ask Mrs. Hubert, she will give you whenever

you want, for indeed, nobody here ever buys or sells fruit."

Harry was perfectly astonished to find that in this poor looking village fruit was to be had for the asking, but not to be bought. For once in his life his money was of no use to him.

He disliked the independent tone and manner of the servant girl, and his ill-humor was by no means lessened. "I am not accustomed to such familiarity," said he to himself; "at home I was always called Master Harry, and that rude servant girl just now spoke to me as if I was no better than little Bill Allen, the miller's son. I'll write to my mother and tell her what a queer place this is; she has no idea of it, and I know she will send for me as soon as she hears how unhappy I am."

He resolved to begin the letter at once, his anger would make it eloquent; and he went into the house to look after writing materials, when all at once he recollected he did not possess any. This thought rather dampened his ardor. Writing must

be given up for this evening, at least; and more than all, he was obliged to control his appetite for fruit, as there was no future prospect of obtaining any except by performing some kind of service for Aunt Pattie, for which he would receive two or three pears or a handful of plums. He was ready to cry for shame and mortification; but he restrained his tears, for he was afraid the boys would laugh at him.

There is, however, nothing better calculated to bring a froward lad to his senses than hunger. By supper time our young hero began to think of the nice white honey he had disdained on the previous evening, and that it looked as if it would taste very good. He determined, therefore, to make a good meal. It did not on this occasion make its appearance on the supper-table; but aided by the best sauce, namely, hunger, he ate his good bread and butter, and drank a bowl of rich milk without any coaxing.

Before the three boys went to bed—Harry was this night to sleep in the same

room—they brushed their clothes, cleaned their boots, and arranged their wardrobes, of which there were four in the room. Harry looked on in amazement. Pastor Hubert certainly would not expect that he should brush his own clothes or clean his own boots? indeed, he would soon show them that he would not do it. At home the servants always did such things; and so he now got into bed, leaving his clothes on the floor, and his boots still covered with the dust of the arbor, which he had kicked while venting his ill humor.

The six o'clock bell rung. "It is time to get up, Harry," said Charlie as he shook him; "come, we must be down in time for prayers; breakfast is always ready at half-past seven, but if you are not up when the rest are ready for worship you will not get any breakfast."

This was bad news for Harry, but, as there was no help for it, he was obliged to put on his unbrushed clothes. He went, however, so lazily about the task of dressing, that both Will and Ned were down before him; but Charlie who was a

generous lad, assisted and waited for him, and they both reached the room barely in time for prayers.

The service was performed in the impressive and serious manner it usually is in country places, where the glorious attributes of a heavenly Father come more distinctly before men than in large communities. Poor Harry, to whom in his neglected education nothing of the kind had been taught, thought that prayers were very tedious and very useless, and was glad when they were ended and the bell rang for breakfast.

The keen eye of Pastor Hubert was not slow in remarking the disorder of our hero's dress. He said nothing, however, and soon after breakfast was over the examining of the new pupil commenced. Harry was older than any of the other boys; but, although not wanting capacity, was, for one of his age, very far back in his studies. His tutor had indeed often remonstrated with him on account of his idleness, but that was all; he learned what and when he pleased; always de-

clared he hated arithmetic, and that it was no use for him to cypher, for he detested figures, and could never learn to do sums, he was sure.

"Little Ned has the same lessons as yourself, Harry," said Parson Hubert very mildly; "he will help you to do your sums if you do not understand them."

A deep blush of shame overspread our hero's face. Little Ned with whom he had been ashamed to play, whose childish innocence he termed silliness and laughed at as a blockhead, this same little Ned was to be his teacher. Surely, it seemed that nothing but humiliation and mortification awaited him here. Yet he dared not refuse the offered aid, and the discovery each moment made of little Ned's superior knowledge and advancement, compared with his own, was by no means calculated to restore his self-complaisance. He was, however, more angry than ashamed to find himself so far behind this little fellow, whom he despised, not only because he was much younger, but also because he was more plainly dressed than himself.

Mr. Hubert observed his ill-humor, but gave him no further reproof than to say: "It is not, my son, always a shame to be ignorant, but it is certainly a shame not to learn when there is opportunity; and it will now depend on yourself whether you will use your present advantages to good purpose or not. If you are diligent you can soon come up with the elder boys."

It was altogether something new to Harry to be obliged to admit his own deficiency in the ordinary branches; he had heretofore considered himself very smart, because he knew the names of those fabulous characters who were called gods by the superstitious Greeks and Romans; but of the history of those two great nations he knew little or nothing. He could not have told where or by whom printing was invented, neither could he name the boundaries of the state in which he lived. The passage of Hannibal over the Alps he had never heard of, but he loved to talk about the Argonauts who sailed after the Golden

Fleece. The places of some of the constellations had been pointed out to him; but he did not know which city was the capital of the United States, or that France was in Europe.

He tried to show off some of his knowledge before Charlie, (who he was obliged to admit was a smart boy,) and chatted about galvanism, etc., and how zinc and copper, being brought into contact, produced electricity; but how glass was manufactured, or even common salt was made, he did not even care to know. The little knowledge he had was very superficial, and had been studied entirely for show and effect, as is, it is to be regretted, too much the fashion in the present mode of education.

Mr. Hubert remarked that it was well enough to study the constellations, and so forth; but he advised Harry to go back at once to the rudiments, and thus lay a good foundation on which to build. "You cannot expect to excel unless you begin right; therefore you must conquer your pride and submit to make up for

lost time. I think you have not studied the word of God at all; I hope that from this day you will begin to 'search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life.'"

Our froward boy soon perceived that he could not get along without the aid of the other boys unless he would remain far behind; this his pride would not submit to, and so at length he resolved to change his sullen behavior, and enter into friendly intercourse with them. A few days passed over; the same routine was observed, prayers, breakfast, lessons, play, and study hours. Harry complied with the rules regarding prayers and breakfast, but he would not brush his clothes, nor clean his boots, and declared to Charlie he "never would do it."

Mr. Hubert had not as yet chosen to notice his disordered dress save by an admonitory glance, which the boys understood, and which Harry saw, but did not choose to notice.

"Do brush your jacket, Harry," said Charlie one day; "Mr. Hubert will come

down upon you when you are least thinking. He never scolds, but I can assure you he never allows a rule to be broken."

"I don't care," replied Harry; "I never brushed my clothes at home or cleaned my boots, and I will not do it here."

Harry had been something more than a week at school when Mr. Hubert, on dismissing the class in the forenoon, told the boys they were to have a half-holiday. "Our neighbor, Mr. Wharton, is coming to visit us this afternoon, and will bring his son Albert with him," said he, "so, as you have studied very well lately, you can put away your books until to-morrow."

But who was Mr. Wharton? Harry had never heard of him, and as little Ned was now his helper in everything, and in many his teacher, he applied to him for information.

"O don't you know Albert Wharton?" cried Ned; "he used to be a pupil here, as we are now; but when he was ready for higher studies he left. His father

lives only a few miles from here, and they often come over, for they think a great deal of Mr. Hubert and he of them." He has a tutor at home just now, but he always goes to New York in the winter, and he will soon enter college."

Harry was delighted with the description Ned gave of Albert Wharton. At last he would have a playfellow of his own age, a gentleman's son, rich, who like himself had a tutor at home, and, passing every winter in New York, would be able to tell him so much of city life which they, living in the country, knew nothing about.

The roll of a carriage was heard, and shortly after Mr. Hubert made his appearance in the school-room, announced the arrival of the Whartons, and gave the boys permission to invite their late comrade to a walk in the meadow or a play in the garden.

Harry was getting out, with little Ned's help, a sum in simple division; he hardly waited to hear the last word when he threw his scratched slate on

one side, and took up his cap in readiness to go.

Parson Hubert, however, arrested the movement, but in the gentlest manner. Laying his hand on Harry's arm he said mildly: "You can stay and finish your sums, Harry; your clothes and boots have not been brushed for a week, and you certainly cannot make your appearance before strangers looking as slovenly as you do. It is my rule that no boy here shall take his seat at the breakfast table with disordered dress or uncleaned boots, and I should have forbidden your doing so, only that I do not like to be too severe, and never punish willingly a fault committed through mere thoughtlessness; nor would I now punish you, as I feel I am right in doing, had you not had the example of the other boys for a whole week, and I know Charlie told you what was required, and offered to assist you. You refused, and now you must bear the penalty of your own self-will, for no one here transgresses my rules with impunity. To-morrow morning you will certainly not

forget to appear at breakfast with your clothes in proper order."

Harry, blushing with shame, could not raise his eyes from the floor; a thought, however, struck him, and he was about to ask if he might not put on his best suit for this time only; but Mr. Hubert had left the room, and our wayward hero found himself left alone to reckon—not by figures, however—why or how it was that this quiet, gentle, and oftentimes familiar little man, who would talk to the boys as if he was a boy himself, could not be resisted or disobeyed. His arithmetic did not exhibit any rule by which he could solve the difficulty and obtain the result he wished, so he gave up thinking about any regular method for counteracting what he termed the "old man's tyranny," but at the same time began to plan how he could meet it and come off conqueror.

"Sums, indeed? he would do no sums; no, nor he would not read." What then did he do?

In a very ill-humor, he remained in the

school-room alone, and looked out of the window at the other boys as they ran round in the meadow playing "prison base," or "commons." He saw that Albert Wharton, although older than Charlie, appeared greatly to enjoy the sport, particularly when they showed him the new gymnasium, which was erected at the bottom of the garden. Besides the ladder and the bars, they had a tall pole with a bird on the top. This was a target for their tiny arrows, and loud shouts proclaimed the joy of the victor, whose well-directed aim brought the bird from his perch.

Harry's moodiness increased every moment. At first he wondered that a large boy like Albert could find any pleasure in such childish sports, and concluded that he must be a silly kind of a boy. Gradually, however, his mood grew softer, and as the simple archery went on it became suggestive of the painful scene in the wood, and recalled the memories of poor Barney and the miller's boy. And now, for the first time, it occurred to him

that this last act of self-will was the occasion of his banishment from home. "Poor Barney," he sighed, "lost his good place because he obliged me; and little Bill, if he had been lamed for life I could never have borne to meet him. How they must hate me. Ah! if I had only played the harmless plays of these boys; if I had chosen to obey rather than to command, I would still have been at home; and my dear mother, I do not know whether she is sick or well."

Tears now began to flow plentifully over the slate which still lay before him, and burying his face in his hands, he wept bitterly as the shouts of boyish merriment came up at intervals to his ear from the garden. At a louder burst than usual he wiped the tears from his face, and advancing to the window, saw that Albert had brought the bird from his perch, and the others were crowning him as the victor with a garland of leaves.

Mr. Wharton and his son remained until after tea; Aunt Pattie on this occasion brought forth the dish of white

honey and several other delicacies only enjoyed on festival times, to which the guests gave due honor. Harry was not invited to the table; nevertheless a portion of all the good things was sent to his room, which he, like most froward lads on similar occasions, refused to eat.

"This is too much," cried he, as his late repentant mood became changed into one of anger. "I will not submit to any such treatment, I'll write to my mother at once;" and going to his desk he tore a leaf out of his copy-book, and began a letter to his mother. He complained bitterly of the treatment he received, spoke of Parson Hubert as a great tyrant, and declared that he would die if he remained at the parsonage, for the boys were all too young and too childish to be suitable companions for him. It was fully dark by the time he had finished; but at length it was folded and sealed, and placing it in his pocket, he resolved to give it in the morning to the boy who carried the letters to the village post-office.

Just then the boys made their appear-

ance, looking as bright and happy as only boys do, and after telling Harry that it was time to go to bed, proposed repeating some of the many stories they had heard down stairs. "They were so funny," said Ned; "Uncle Hubert and Mr. Wharton made us laugh; but Albert told the best one, and if you would like to hear it I will tell you."

"No, thank you," answered Harry coldly, as he prepared for bed; "I am tired and sleepy; besides, I have not taken any fancy for Albert; he seems to be a silly kind of fellow for one of his age."

He did not care to hear anything more about one who, older than himself, could take so much pleasure in the sports of children, and tell tales to them. His interest in Albert was at an end. Poor Harry, he did not love reading; he had never read any of those instructive books which are so useful to children; nobody had ever told him tales calculated to instruct; the few stories he had heard were all about ghosts or fairies, or trifling

adventures of chickens or pigs, and only fit for little people.

Charlie did not fail to remind him that he ought to brush his clothes if he would wish to avoid an unpleasant scene in the morning. "Come, Harry," said he, "get at your brushing and I will help you; it is very easy and will only take a few minutes."

"I know it," Harry answered snappishly, "without your telling me;" for he was still in a bad humor, and it made him angry to be reminded of his duty, which he had not forgotten. "I can get up a little earlier in the morning and do it," he added, "but I am too sleepy just now."

This was not true, and only proceeded from a spirit of opposition, for he wished to show the boys that he was determined to do just as he pleased, accepting neither advice nor assistance. Charlie made no reply, but proceeded, as did the two other boys, to perform their tasks, while Harry got into bed and was soon fast asleep.

On the following morning he was awakened by little Ned. "You know, Harry," he urged, "you must get up a little sooner as you have your clothes to brush;" but Harry bade him let him alone, and turning over on the other side was soon sound asleep. The other boys rose at the sound of the first bell. "Come, Harry," cried Charlie, "I will help you if you get up now."

No; our wayward hero never rose at home until it suited him, and full of his new plan of steady rebellion, he would now let them all see that he would lie abed as long as he pleased. He therefore made no answer to Charlie's offer of assistance, but at last he forced himself to leave his bed, and with very visible reluctance began to dress. But his clothes; ah, they were to be brushed, and he set about beginning the task, very awkwardly indeed, whereupon Charlie good-naturedly offered to assist him. He had, however, just taken the brush in his hand when the prayer-bell sounded, and he was obliged to go without having per-

formed his generous intention, which was to save Harry the mortification which he knew must ensue on the failure of his duty.

Prayers were ended and breakfast was over before Harry made his appearance, and great was his dismay at finding the table cleared and no breakfast set aside for him. Nobody seemed to have noticed that he had been too late except Annie, the servant girl, who was taking her morning meal in the kitchen, who offered to give him a slice of bread and butter, which he disdained to accept.

The hour for school arrived, and Harry took his place in the class. Mr. Hubert made no allusion to his nonappearance at the breakfast table, but attended to the lessons as usual. More angry than ever, Harry opened the letter he had written to his mother to add a postscript, in which he detailed this new indignity at full length, and then sent it to the post-office, without, as he believed, any one having noticed it. How greatly was he astonished on the next morning to find it lying unopened on his desk. Who could have

laid it there, as he had given it himself to the post-boy and saw him put it in his pocket. He was determined, however, not to be baffled. An old soldier who was somewhat of a cripple used to go about the village with a hand-organ; sometimes in an evening he came out as far as the school, and as he was really an object of pity he was never driven away. The letter was given into his charge by Harry; but, strange to tell, next day it was once more lying on the desk.

It was now time to give up; Mr. Hubert could not, it seemed, be cheated; so, with a determination which exerted in a better cause would have been praiseworthy, he walked boldly into the pastor's room, and unblushingly demanded why his letter could not be sent.

"Because," answered Mr. Hubert mildly, "you have not complied with the rules respecting letters being sent to the post. I never refuse to send any letters left on my table; but, at the same time, I never permit any clandestine proceedings."

"Sir, may I beg that this letter be sent

to my mother, as those of the other boys are sent to their homes?"

"Certainly," was the quiet answer; but words cannot well describe the anxiety of our froward hero lest Mr. Hubert should open the letter and read it. This he did not do, but taking a new envelope, on the inside of which he wrote a few words, he inclosed and sent it in Harry's presence to the post.

In a few days an answer came; it was addressed to Mr. Hubert, with a letter inclosed to Harry. It was from his mother, who assured him that it was for his own good alone she had chosen to part with him, and advised him to submit to all the rules of the establishment, telling him that no complaint or act of rebellion on his part would meet with any countenance from her. More than this, she added, after assuring him of her unaltered affection: "I wish you to show this letter to good Mr. Hubert, whom I do thank for the watchful care of which you complain. You cannot fail to be happy and improve if you do right, which will

be in submitting your own will to that of those whom God in his providence has placed over you, for 'obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

Greatly ashamed and very much grieved, Harry had no thought of disobeying his mother's injunction. Blushing deeply, he handed his letter to his teacher, who, after reading, returned it to him without a single word either of reproof or otherwise. Harry, however, had no thought of submitting in the manner recommended by his mother. He would run away; he would leave this hateful place, this stern teacher, and those silly boys whom he could not bear. He would let every one see that he could not be forced to clean his own boots and brush his own clothes; he had a will of his own, as well as Parson Hubert, and he would use it. Robinson Crusoe—he knew a little of that story—ran off and went to sea; he had no particular fancy for the sea, but the wide world was for everybody, and he would go forth and try it.

His Uncle Alfred, who had sent him the

pony, was a brother of his mother, and lived in the city of A. He thought, as he had plenty of pocket money, he could slip out at night, reach the turnpike road before morning, and wait for the stage-coach, which was sure to pass. The silly boy! he did not know what was the distance, or how far his money would reach.

He saw, like many others, only one side of the picture; all the lights but none of the shadows. There was now beautiful moonlight, and on the next night he was resolved to begin his flight.

CHAPTER X.

A MOONLIGHT FLITTING.

“ONLY one day more to be a slave,” was Harry’s mental observation, when on rising he found the sun shining clear and bright, and all seeming to promise success to his plan of running away. He considered and, as he thought, perfectly arranged his route, never deeming that any obstacle, either from his entire ignorance of all the roads in the neighborhood or otherwise, would arise and frustrate his purpose. He had some pocket money, for here there was no inducement to spend; and as he had no idea of what it costs to travel, he never dreamed that his money might not enable him to reach the place where his uncle lived; indeed, he did not know what was the distance to it.

“The stage-driver can tell me,” he said to himself. “I will give him my money,

and say where I want to go;" and thus, quite at ease for the success of his expedition, he passed a more pleasant day than he had done since his arrival.

In order that his purpose should not be guessed, he chose to be singularly obliging and obedient to all the rules; he also forced himself to be very pleasant to his companions, studied his lessons, which he recited without a mistake; and although not asked by Charlie, assisted him in tying up some trailing vines which had fallen from their trellis, and gathered some ripe seeds for Aunt Pattie.

For these slight services he was rewarded by a full share of delicious fruit, which on this occasion he did not disdain, and thought it tasted better than any he had ever tasted at home. He did not know until now how sweet are the fruits of honest labor; yet it never entered into his mind that it was the having earned the plums made them taste so good. Truly, he never would do such work again; it was just what Sam Stokes, the gardener's boy, did at home; the vines

scratched his hands, and rubbing the seeds made them rough; he was no day-laborer, and he would not work. He would tell his uncle what a dreadful place this was where he had been living, and concluded that his mother would be induced by her brother's representations to recall him.

The day wore on, as we have described, and Harry counted the hours as they passed. Supper, studies, prayers, and at length bedtime came, all in due order. Harry brushed his clothes and polished his boots, wondering all the time at his own dexterity; surely he performed the task as well as any of the other boys, who, he did not doubt, had cleaned their own shoes all their lives.

The preliminary tasks ended, the lads crept into bed, Harry however, not to sleep, but think. He listened to the retreating footsteps of the family as they retired one by one; counted the half hours as the clock proclaimed how time was passing until it sounded twelve. This was the hour he had fixed to put his

plan into execution. The boys were sleeping soundly. He rose from his bed without making the least noise, dressed himself hastily, turned the handle of the lock cautiously, and opening the door found himself in the passage. So far all had succeeded; he had made a good beginning, yet his heart beat wildly as he passed the door of Mr. Hubert's chamber; he listened for a moment, but no sound from within gave the least cause for alarm. The front door was reached, it was locked, but the key was in its socket, and the iron bolt above was easily pushed back. This, however, could not be done without some noise, and Harry trembled so violently as nearly to be unfitted for the task. At one moment he thought he heard a window open, and he feared to meet the dreaded Mr. Hubert; but all remained silent, and he then concluded he had been deceived. Leaving the house he found himself in the court-yard, and experienced a great feeling of relief as he breathed the pure air and imagined himself free. How he exulted in the success

of his plan, and as he believed he was about to take leave of this hated place forever, he could scarce refrain a shout of joy.

The parsonage, as we have already described, was situated with a lawn in front, inclosed on each side by offices and stables; one large gate with a smaller one at the side gave an opening on to the high road.

The moon shone clear and beautiful, illumining the path down which he flew rather than walked; there was the gate; one moment more and he would be his own master, when, sad to tell, he found it locked and the key gone. In vain he tried to open the larger; he shook and shook it, but it did not yield; the two wings were fastened by an iron bar which was placed across them, and Harry was not tall enough to reach it.

Terrified and anxious, he began to look round for something on which to climb, so that he might remove the bar; no friendly ladder, block, or piece of wood, which would aid his purpose, came with-

in his view. All here was kept in such perfect order; "a place for everything and everything in its place" was one of Parson Hubert's rules, and Harry in this case found it carried out to the fullest extent. Nothing lay about; no stable door was left open; if there had been he could certainly have found a ladder; but as it was, all so orderly, nothing could be done, and our hero began to despair. Ah! he now remembered his behavior respecting the practice of gymnastics; had he pursued those exercises as his teacher wished he would have had agility enough to have climbed over the gate, and in spite of bolts and bars have secured his liberty. But all hope of escape was now at an end; he saw his project entirely upset, and angry and disappointed he turned away, not to give it up, but to consider what preparation ought to be made for carrying it into effect.

Nothing now remained but to return to the house as quietly as he had left it, and creep into bed. With feelings of mingled rage and grief he turned away from

the gate, and retraced the path he had so lately trodden with joy at the prospect of freedom. But when the front door was reached, and he turned the handle of the lock, it only moved, and gave no admittance. After many fruitless endeavors to effect an entrance he was obliged to give up; but how it happened he could not imagine, unless, as he said to himself, the door shut with a spring, and thus had locked of itself.

What was now to be done? That was a question more easily asked than answered. The night was cold, for it was autumn; and to make matters worse the moon, which in the earlier hours had shone forth in such benevolent brightness, was now overcast, and a heavy dew or rather drizzle began to fall. Harry, altogether at a loss how to proceed, leaned against the door-post, and in an agony of impatience wished now to get into the house even more anxiously than a short time ago he had desired to get out of it. "It is too bad," he said, half crying; "I have had nothing but trouble and mis-

fortune ever since I came to this unlucky place."

But, while blaming the place and circumstances for his present unpleasant dilemma, he never once thought of blaming himself, or recognizing that it was his own self-will and folly which placed him in it. He possessed, however, some firmness, for he did not at once give up, but waited for more than an hour before he could force himself to beg for admission. Alone in the darkness, wet with the rain, and trembling with cold, how he longed to be in his warm bed, of the comfort of which he was now, for the first time in his life, fully sensible. He wept aloud, struck his brow, as if he wished to rake up some thought which would suggest a way to get out of this scrape, and ran about examining every window in hopes one might be found unfastened. In vain; no one ever caught Parson Hubert napping; nothing ever disturbed the perfect order and regularity of the appointments at Lockwood School.

After exhausting himself and his anger in the way we have mentioned, he found that nothing was left for him but to call Mr. Hubert. At length he did so.

“Harry, my son, is it you? How did you get into the court-yard? Is it not rather a bad night to be abroad in?” inquired the good parson as, on opening the door, he beheld our poor hero as he stood trembling with agitation rather than cold. No answer being returned he continued: “Very strange indeed, as I put down the night latch myself at bed time; I had not the least idea of any one being out.”

Why did not our poor Harry now tell the truth at once? Surely it would have been better for him to have confessed his fault openly, and begged the forgiveness he was sure to receive. He had no intention, however, of acknowledging what had been his purpose, although defeated; falsehood had become habitual and easy, and his ready invention at once suggested the lie.

“I expect I must have come down and opened the door in my sleep,” said he;

“at home I often got up, dressed myself, and went out, particularly in moonlight nights. But how I got down here I cannot tell. I found myself outside the door, and it is not moonlight now.”

Mr. Hubert was by no means deceived. Harry did not move so quietly but that he awakened him ; the night-latch, as it fell into its place, was not unheard ; and suspecting what Harry was planning, he rose from his bed and watched the whole proceeding from his window.

“ Ah,” said he, “ this is bad, and argues an unsound state of health. No one who is really well ever walks in his sleep. But as I know how greatly your mother would grieve if any accident would befall you, I shall take all possible care that you do not make another excursion in your sleep. Therefore I will have your bed at once removed to my room, where, as I am always awakened by the slightest noise, I will have you under my constant care, and I trust be able to cure the malady which causes your sleep-walking.”

With these words, which threatened an

increase rather than diminution of our young hero's misfortunes, he sent him to bed, and calling Annie, he bade her prepare some herb tea, in order, as he said, to prevent the bad effect which might ensue from this night-wandering. He waited until it was brought, and handing the bowl to Harry, bade him, in the kindest manner, drink it.

"You will find it very bitter, my son," said he; "but we have in this world to take many bitter things to cure both our moral as well as physical maladies, and after the cure is perfected we are thankful for the means, however bitter they seemed at the time."

Harry, although bursting with anger, drank the tea without the least hesitation. Although Mr. Hubert had not exhibited the slightest symptom of anger, although not asking a single question or uttering one word of reproof, the wayward lad felt that he had received from his new teacher the hardest lesson he had ever learned. Was everything here in league with this country schoolmaster to disap-

point and humble him? Was it accidental, or what could have made Mr. Hubert acquainted with all that had occurred? Did he suspect the plan of running away, or doubt the story of his propensity to walk in his sleep? All these questions pressed painfully on Harry's mind and added tenfold to his unhappiness.

It was not, however, by accident that Mr. Hubert discovered our young hero's intention. His long experience in teaching had made him observant and quick to detect the symptoms of rebellion, even when scarcely begun to develop. He saw at once what were Harry's greatest errors, and having a full account of all that had occurred at home from Dr. Martin, he resolved to cure him of his faults by letting him experience their consequences. This plan he was now pursuing, trusting more to its efficacy than a course of admonition and reproof, which would only have been mocked at by the wayward boy.

A violent cold was the consequence of

Harry's night-wandering; his head and limbs ached, and for several days he was obliged to keep his bed. And now he longed more than ever for his home; and as he had full time to think, his reflections, which in spite of himself would turn to his own misdeeds, brought nothing but self-reproach in their train. Could he only see his mother; ah, how many lying excuses had he made to avoid visiting her sick chamber, and that too when he knew that his presence soothed and comforted her more than anything else.

A physician was called in, not because he was very ill, but the measles were very prevalent in the neighborhood, and Mr. Hubert did not know whether or not he had ever had them. His bed was therefore removed into another room adjoining that of Mr. Hubert, where Aunt Pattie attended to him with all the tender care of a mother.

Harry now longed for the companionship of the boys quite as much as he had formerly avoided it. He was very lonely,

but he bore the tedium silently; he was still too proud to ask a favor. Parson Hubert, however, was as considerate as sagacious, and pitying his loneliness, as his eyes were too weak to allow him to read, gave little Ned, who had had the measles the year before, leave to stay with Harry whenever he wished after his lessons were over.

Our wayward hero at first thought Charlie might be spared as well as Ned, who was younger than himself; but the little fellow was so pleasant, cheerful, and obliging, that Harry, almost in spite of himself, began to love him dearly. "Ned," said he one day when thus alone, "don't you want to go home and see your mother? I think I shall never be well until I get home."

"I suppose I would want to be at home more if my parents were living, but my father and mother are dead; and I live with my uncle, who is very good to me, but still nothing is like one's father and mother."

"But you always seem so happy, Ned."

“That is because I think I ought to be happy. To be sure, I often think of my parents and wish they were living; but then I consider there are many orphans in the world who have not such kind friends as I have. My uncle and aunt are very kind to me; and as for Mr. Hubert and Aunt Pattie, they were as good as any parents could be when I was sick with the measles. And, Harry, if you will only mind the rules, you will soon be as happy as any of us, for indeed I think, as you know all boys have to be sent away from home some time, we could not have found a better home.”

Harry thought Ned was easily pleased, but made no answer, and he was glad he did not, for the bright face of Aunt Pattie, who just then entered with a plate of fruit, which she placed before him, made him for the time a half convert to little Ned's opinion.

CHAPTER XI.

HARDER LESSONS THAN THE FIRST.

HARRY's illness was by no means alarming; but Mr. Hubert being particularly careful of the boys' health, thought it best he should remain in his room until entirely recovered. His eyes continuing very weak, he dared not read; this, could he have amused himself out of doors, would have been no privation, as he preferred active pursuits to study. He had often laughed at Ned for loving to read stories and fables, which he said were too childish for such big boys as they were. Nevertheless one day, when the little lad came as usual to his room with a book in his hand, he begged him to read a story or anything else he chose.

"I am afraid you will not like this book, Harry," he replied; "the story I was reading is a sort of fable, and you always laugh at fables, although Mr.

Hubert says that they are full of meaning, and teach many useful lessons."

"Let me hear what it is about," said Harry, "maybe I can learn something from it too."

"Well," replied Ned, opening his book, "it is about the Mayflower that would have its own way. You know, Harry, although the fables make birds and flowers talk, we are not to believe they did so, because we know nothing has the gift of speech but human beings; they are only written so to teach us a lesson."

"I know all that, for I am not quite a blockhead," rejoined Harry somewhat pettishly; "but do begin, Ned, and let us see what we can pick out of it."

Ned waited for no further urging, but taking up his book, read aloud about

"THE LITTLE MAYFLOWER THAT WOULD
HAVE ITS OWN WAY.

"Everybody knows the little Mayflowers, with their white flowers and green leaves, that grow in the woods and meadows, and children go out and gather

them in handfuls, for they are among the earliest flowers of spring. As soon as the snows are gone and the fields begin to grow green, these little flowers begin to peep out of the ground, and seem to look round curiously as if to see if old winter is really gone.

“Springing up then in clusters, they spread forth their white cups to the sun and invite the bees, butterflies, and even beetles to their acquaintance. Nor these only; they do not bid farewell to the earth until all the birds of passage, except the sparrow, have come and gone, and until the fields have lost all their summer beauty. Sometimes, indeed, they tarry until the first snow falls, and then they get their noses frozen; that is the reason—so the country people say—why the tip of their leaves is red, for although on the next year they come so early and bathe their whole heads in the May dew, the red spot remains, looking just like a frost-bite.

“Well, there was once one of these flowers, a good-natured, simple little thing

that for many years had sprung up every spring quite contentedly in the same place. It did not care that it was less beautiful than the rose, or not dressed so fine as the tulip ; no, its lot had been cast to dwell always in that same meadow among its equals, and it wanted nothing better. When the children came there to play, they often trod upon it ; but although for the time hurt, it never fretted over what could not be helped ; it would modestly raise its head again, and soon be as well as ever. It never once dreamed of wishing to have its own will, but was as happy, standing on its one stalk in the same place from year to year, as any flower that ever bloomed in green-house or garden.

“But all at once, what do you think ? or who could have believed it ? The silly thing took it into its head that for once it would have its own way and see the world. The manner in which this came about was as follows : One day a very stylish visitor came from the city to the meadow ; this was a magpie, who was clothed in a dress

of shining black with a white collar round her neck. There was a beautiful little brook running through the meadow, and our little flower dwelt on the bank among the bright green grass that clothed it, and quite close to the stream. The magpie came to drink the water ; she had a very hoarse voice and hoped that this might cure her, (just as folks go to springs for the cure of different maladies,) never admitting that her hoarseness was natural, and, therefore, could not be changed. She found the time hung very heavy ; so, for want of something better to do, she began at first to speak only occasionally to the mayflower, but at length, as is often the case with human beings, they became quite intimate.

“It is the fashion everywhere for city folks to visit their country friends in summer for the benefit of pure air and good fresh milk. So the magpie, following the example of others, had come to the country, but being rather late, found most of the flowers dead and the birds gone ; and, quite disappointed, was about to return

home, when she saw the bright little mayflower blooming as freshly as if there was no winter advancing. At another time she would not have noticed such a humble flower, but have passed by it disdainfully. But even haughty people often stoop to become acquainted with humble folks; that is, when they cannot do any better, and so the city magpie became quite condescending. The little flower was at first a little confused, but soon recovered so far as to be able to answer.

“‘Ah my friend,’ said the magpie, ‘how well you look considering the lateness of the season. This must be a very healthy place, and I hope will do me good, as I am very hoarse and have grown quite thin.’

The mayflower did not answer; indeed, the magpie did not expect it, for there are many who would rather talk than listen; and so she went on telling of all the wonders she had seen in her travels. How in other countries there was no winter, but it was summer all the year round; where the flowers did not hide their heads

in the dark earth, and the birds were always singing. 'Why do you stay in this dull place?' she at length asked; 'why do you not go and see the world? Cooped up here as you are, you can have no idea of what things are like abroad. Travel is very improving; and besides, every one is more respected abroad than at home. Consult your acquaintances, the wild geese, who make excursions from Asia to America every year, they will tell you the same.'

" 'Ah yes, I know all that,' whispered the little mayflower in reply; 'I know I am of no account here, since the very children tread upon me, and no one ever plucks my flowers to bind them up in a boquet. The wild geese, yes, I have often envied them as I saw them flying abroad on their travels; but who ever heard of a mayflower (she uttered the name very loudly) going abroad? No, we have lived in this meadow for years and years, and I must say have been very happy; but I think now I would like to go abroad. What would my family say, do you sup-

pose, if I were to mention such a thing? All the world of grasses and plants that dwell in this meadow would, I am sure, look upon me with more respect;' and the silly little thing raised her head proudly, as if looking around to see who had heard and applauded.

"'What is it to you what any one thinks?' urged the magpie. 'All reasonable creatures ought to have their own way, and take their pleasure without their families or others troubling themselves about it. It is all nonsense this consulting of friends and trying to please others; my rule is to please myself without caring for anybody. You may depend upon it, that if you take your own will and go off, for instance, to Siberia, or the Polar Sea, or Africa, you will occupy a very different position from that you now fill in this miserable meadow. Folks are always of more importance abroad than at home.'

"The little mayflower was convinced; she was determined to go abroad without consulting any of her family. Still, as she was very modest, she blushed at the

thought of doing as she pleased. 'I am agreed,' said she resolutely; 'I will not ask my friends, but tell them I am going; I will have my own way. I know a friendly swallow who is soon to leave for the south; I will go with him, for, as he is young and strong, he is very well able to carry me in his bill.'

" 'They all journey to the African coasts,' said the learned magpie; 'and as they travel in large caravans, they can carry you by turns if you prove too heavy for your friend.'

" And now they went on talking about various matters, but mostly about what the little mayflower would see, and how much she would improve, until the silly thing began to imagine herself of great importance. She never had been so happy in all her life. She was going to have her own way, and she was altogether sure that all those must be happy who can do just as they please without any advice or interference of friends. She thanked the magpie again and again for her wise counsel, and when the distinguished visitor

took her leave, made a low courtesy, bowing her little white head quite down to the ground. She watched her as she moved slowly through the long grass, and admired the silky black tail that rustled like some elegant lady's dress, and thought it was better to be a bird than a flower.

"Quite sensible of the honor of such a visit, the mayflower wondered if any of her neighbors had witnessed it, but was altogether vexed to see that the little bird flowers had shut their windows, and the 'Ladies' Mantles' had closed their green tents and were gone to sleep.

"'What can you expect from such a poor-spirited set?' said she to herself. 'They do not know anything about having their own way, or going from home to improve. The magpie is right; yes, and this very day they shall see how one mayflower, at least, will take her own way, and not be troubled by being obliged to do as the rest of her family.'

"Poor, silly little thing! She did not really know the meaning of 'having her

own will,' but that was no matter; she thought it was something very desirable, and was determined to use the privilege to the utmost extent. She, however, thought it right to let her family and acquaintances know of her undertaking. They all advised and warned her against it. 'It was full of danger,' they said, 'and must end in ruin;' but that was nothing to the little self-willed flower; she was going to do as she pleased, and did not care what any one thought.

"September soon came round, and the swallows prepared for their autumnal flight, and when all was ready, declared their willingness to receive our foolish little mayflower into their company. On the last evening before their departure (it is the custom of the swallows always to begin their journey at night) our silly, self-willed flower withdrew her roots from their native earth, drew the leaves of her green cup over her head by way of a mantle, and declared she was ready. The whole party set forth, the friendly swallow carrying the mayflower in his bill, and by daylight

they were far abroad on their journey toward the south.

“For the first few minutes everything was delightful. The little mayflower, looking down on the humble spot that had for so long been her home, felt how delightful it was to see the world, and how pleasant it was to have her own way.

“‘Ah, how I pity those who are left behind,’ said she; ‘if they only had spirit enough to do as they pleased, they would not stay there rooted in that meadow forever. I am determined from this time forth to have my own will—but what ails me now? I cannot breathe!’

“And it was true. Heretofore, in her own home, when the wind would sweep a little more roughly over her than usual, she would bend her head down into the grass until it had passed over, and the next minute she would raise it freshly as ever. But the rapid flight of the swallows through the air set it in motion, and made her breathing very difficult. She looked about her; nothing but sky above and around; the earth was far below, and

no friendly grass was seen where she could vail her head from the strong current which almost deprived her of breath.

“The swallows flew very fast, so before many hours were over she lost the green leaves of her cup which formed her mantle, and then her white head was exposed to the chill night air. By the middle of the next day her roots began to dry, and there was no earth near from which they could receive nourishment or be refreshed. She began to feel very weak, yet was by no means sorry for her undertaking.

“‘Nothing ails me,’ whispered she, for she could not speak loud; ‘nothing ails me but that I am not used to traveling; but I shall soon get used to it; and at any rate it is worth bearing some pain to have one’s own will; it would be perfectly delightful if I was only well.’

“But before long she was forced to confess that traveling in the air did not suit her, and her head sank down, as if too weak to sustain itself.

“‘I see you are very sick,’ said her friend, the swallow, compassionately; ‘your roots

are dry, and your leaves withered; shall I put you down somewhere on the ground, where you can be refreshed with its moisture, which is your natural food?"

"‘O no, indeed,’ was the answer; ‘I have not had enough of my own will yet, and it makes me so happy to know that I can do just as I please. Besides, the magpie and all my friends would laugh at me; and I am really not sick; I have only a bad cold in my head from traveling in the night air.’"

"Now," said little Ned, "you see, Harry, that the silly little flower was becoming very refined by travel; that is the fashion, you know."

"Yes, I believe it is," answered Harry, "but go on with your story."

"The air grew warmer as the travelers approached the African coast; our poor little flower, however, was grown so weak that she could not see the promised land. Her leaves were withered and hung down; the sap in her stem was dried up, for there was no nourishment to be had from her root, since it received

none from the earth; the warm climate and dry air did not suit the northern flower.

“‘I believe I am dying,’ she sighed. ‘Ah? I wish I had listened to my friend’s advice, and not taken my own way; I have been too self-willed.’”

“These were her last words, and as she uttered them the swallows alighted on the land. Greatly were they troubled when they found that nothing could be done for the poor little flower; and while they lamented over her sad fate, which they did with noisy chatterings, they came to the conclusion that it was not best for the inexperienced to have their own will. The news was carried back in the spring; the family in the meadow were very sorry, but said it was entirely her own fault; she would neither be contented nor take advice, but she would have her own will. Since that time the mayflowers have remained contented, and no others of the race, that we have ever heard of, have desired to travel abroad or have their own will.”

The little reader closed his book, and looked up into Harry's face as if to find out what he thought of the story. At first our hero considered it very childish, just suited for such as little Ned; but as it progressed his interest increased more than he could have believed was possible. It is true it was only about a little flower, and related, as Ned said, "like a fable;" but he was obliged to own it contained a great deal of meaning, and seemed to suit his own case as exactly as if it had been made for him. He could not but acknowledge that the manner in which he had heretofore obeyed the promptings of his self-will much resembled the silly conduct of the mayflower; and he could not conceal, even in his partial judgment of self, that they had nearly led to the same disastrous consequences.

For the first time in his life he remarked the moral of a tale. Before this, when he did read, it was only for the sake of the story. And while he recognized the lesson it was intended to convey he silently resolved to conquer his wayward temper

and yield proper obedience. How silly had been his course; his late attempt had proved a perfect failure, resulting only in injury to himself; and now, although the experience he had gained might prevent the repetition of a similar offense, the effect of the last still remained in full force, and without any prospect of a speedy termination. He was rapidly recovering from the indisposition caused by exposure to the night air; but the falsehood, that moral malady to which he was subject, which he had used in order to deceive and mislead as to his real intention, was to cause deeper suffering, and required severer remedies before it could be cured.

And now, in his repentant mood, he thought over all the lies he had told and the subterfuges he had used, and as he could not recollect one single instance in which they had not injured instead of benefiting him, he silently resolved that in future he would endeavor to act uprightly and speak the truth.

This was well; but although the de-

termination was praiseworthy, and might preserve him from the perpetration of some new deed of headlong folly, to conceal which might cost him several falsehoods, it could not prevent the consequences of his last adventure, which had turned out so complete a failure. He could not humble himself to confess that he had planned to run away; and the persistence in the ready lie he had invented, namely, that he was in the habit of getting up in his sleep, was to bring a worse punishment than that of a few days' confinement by slight sickness. It was not enough that his bed was removed into a closet adjoining Mr. Hubert's room, thus preventing all thoughts of a second attempt to run away, as that gentleman was the slightest sleeper in the world, and awakened by the slightest noise; but he was deprived of the society of the other boys, who had helped him to dress or undress, as well as to clean his boots and brush his clothes.

Fear of, or even respect for any one had heretofore never entered the mind of

Harry; but now, although Mr. Hubert had as yet not spoken a cross word to him, he found he could not treat him as he had done others, for he had inspired him with an involuntary awe, and he was embarrassed and frightened even when he called his name. Our readers may then imagine what was his state of feeling when one day while he was still an invalid, and during a visit of Dr. S., Mr. Hubert gravely inquired of the latter if sleep-walking was not a disease which required medical treatment. Harry, who had now for the first time been able to leave his bed, was standing near the doctor. As Mr. Hubert asked the question he was startled; his face was dyed with a deep blush of vexation and shame, and he felt ready to sink through the earth.

Dr. S., who was well aware of what Mr. Hubert meant, said it was the effect of some physical derangement, and began an examination of symptoms with Harry which gave him a great deal of trouble to answer. The poor boy! he had resolved not to tell any more false-

hoods in future, but he could not even now determine resolutely to confess the truth; he was bold enough to plan a runaway scheme at midnight, and brave enough to begin its execution, but he had not the courage to tell the truth. Like the Spartan boy, who, having stolen a fox, concealed it under his coat and suffered it to gnaw his vitals rather than confess his theft, Harry maintained a sullen silence as his questioner prescribed a long course of treatment, besides giving him some very bitter medicine, which if persisted in he said would effect a perfect cure.

There are few boys who are willing to take medicine, and Harry formed no exception to the rule. On the contrary, he had always manifested an especial reptugnance to it, and on this occasion, his conscience coming to his aid, he boldly declared he had no malady that required medical treatment.

“How now, Harry,” said Mr. Hubert in a tone of surprise, “are you so much afraid of taking medicine that you will

tell an untruth? You certainly told me, when I questioned you why you were out of your bed, dressed in your usual manner, and trying to climb over the gate which opens out upon the high road, that you were in the habit of walking in your sleep. It is very dangerous. I knew a boy once who was nearly killed by getting up in his sleep and falling down stairs, and I could not forgive myself if any such accident happened to you while under my care. You hear what Dr. S. says, that it is a disease and curable, so you will have to take medicine; and in the mean time I shall write to your mother and inquire all about it, for Dr. Martin, when he brought you here, did not say a single word respecting it."

"No, no—I have—I did not walk in my sleep; I will go home to my mother; I cannot stay here; I am so unhappy I shall die if I stay," said Harry, now wholly subdued. "I spoke a falsehood; I never walked in my sleep in all my life; but I wanted to go home, and so tried to run away."

"Ah, indeed!" cried Dr. S. "It was rather a bold undertaking for a boy of your age. And so you do not walk in your sleep after all? But how was it that you got out so quietly, and then made such a noise to get in?"

"I planned it all day," said Harry, sobbing, for now, completely conquered, he was determined to tell the whole truth. "The doors were easy enough to open, but when I was outside the front door the latch fell into the socket, and when I tried to get in I could not. Neither could I go on, for the gate was bolted so high up I couldn't reach it."

"My son," said Mr. Hubert very gravely, "how can you expect us to believe your present story after you have once told us a falsehood and persisted in it? I am going to write to your mother, and ask her if you have ever walked in your sleep."

Harry would not suffer him to proceed any further. "O Mr. Hubert, please do not," he cried, now thoroughly humbled, "I have given her so much trouble lately.

I will promise never to tell another falsehood. When I told you that I got up in my sleep it was a lie, but I am telling the truth now. I believed myself ill-treated here, and was resolved to go to my uncle, for I thought it would not be hard to get there. I see now that I was wrong, and am willing to bear any punishment you choose to inflict upon me; but do not write to my mother. I cannot bear that she should have any more trouble on my account. I dare not think of seeing her until I can give her pleasure, and am a better boy, which I promise I will be if you will trust me just this once."

"You see, Harry," said Mr. Hubert very seriously, "how hard it is to believe a liar even when he speaks the truth. But I am willing to trust you once more, since you acknowledge your error and wish to spare your mother the dreadful pain of knowing how faulty you have been. But now remember, on the slightest departure from truth this confidence shall be withdrawn from you, and no prayers or promises will be able to restore

it. Falsehood, as you see, always brings its own punishment; and as you have suffered severely for your error, I will not inflict any other penalty although you certainly deserve it, as you well know. Tell me if you do not think so yourself?"

"I feel that I have done very wrong indeed," said Harry, "but I beg you will forgive and trust me. I *can* keep my promise; try me, sir, you shall see that I will."

"Well then, my boy," replied Mr. Hubert, "as you seem, from love to your mother and a dread of giving her pain, resolved to reform, I will endeavor to forget that you have tried to deceive me. You grieve to have offended your mother, who loves you; have you not also considered how much more you have offended against God, to whose goodness you are indebted for all your blessings, far more than to an earthly parent? If you forsake his law, which is that of truth, and go on speaking and acting lies, you will never find an inheritance in that city of which God is the glory and the light, for

no liar can enter there. Whosoever loves God will love his law and keep his commandments, which, even as the wholesome restraints imposed by earthly parents, are for our good."

Harry, in his softened mood, listened respectfully to the words of the good pastor, and more deeply impressed than he had ever been in his life, he took the hand of his friend who had so mildly admonished instead of punishing him, and reverently pressed it to his lips. We have already told our readers that he was not wholly destitute of good dispositions, but being spoiled by blind indulgence, and left to have his own way in everything, he was in a fair way of being ruined. Now, however, he saw that all his efforts at deception had only brought trouble on himself; that the only safe path was the straightforward way of truth; and when he left the presence of Mr. Hubert it was with a fixed purpose hereafter to walk in that way.

But it is not so easy, as many suppose, to overcome a fault or lay aside a deeply

rooted habit. Something more than resolution is necessary ; constant watchfulness over self must be maintained or the conquest is not complete, as Harry, although sincerely determined to reform, had soon an opportunity of finding out.

CHAPTER XII.

TRUTH IS ALWAYS BEST.

MR. HUBERT, at Harry's request, had consented that he should again sleep in the same room with the other boys, whom, although on his first arrival he had despised as clownish in their manners and rustic in looks, he had now half begun to like. He had found out that Charley and William were the sons of rich fathers in — County, and the favorable impression thus made was deepened by the kindness they showed him during his sickness. Although not altogether recovered from the indisposition contracted by his midnight adventure, his bed was removed on the same evening, and restored to its former place.

"I am so glad you have come back, Harry," said little Ned, "it seemed real lonesome without you; but now you won't try to run away again, will you?"

“No,” replied Harry, “I will not; I have given my word to Mr. Hubert and I will not break it.”

“That is right,” said Charlie; “you can be very happy here if you please; I was a little lonesome at first, but now I am just as contented as ever I was at home. But we are all glad to have you once more for a room mate, for—”

He did not say what, for the speech was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Hubert, who had come in to see if his orders had been properly attended to. “All right,” said he; “I felt it my duty to keep you near me while you were sick, to guard against any act of imprudence you might choose to commit. You have assured me, however, that you do not get up in your sleep, and I am willing to believe you; and although you cough and are still a little hoarse, I think there is no risk in permitting you to return to this room.”

“O no, sir,” cried Harry; “this is such a pleasant room I am sure I shall get well all the sooner for being here with the boys.”

Mr. Hubert smiled. "Very well," said he, "but you must not expose yourself to the night air, which does not suit invalids. But, Harry, to show you what implicit confidence I place in you *now*, and how sure I am that you will keep your word, I will fix the night latch that it cannot fall down, and leave the gate unbolted, only placing a brick against it to keep it shut. We have no thieves here, and have little occasion to lock anything."

Mr. Hubert spoke rather playfully, but Harry was beginning to find out the kind of person he had to deal with; mild as a sunbeam, but firm as a rock, he could not be trifled with. The allusion to the midnight adventure, which had so lamentably failed, brought a deep blush to his face, and he remained silent. "No," said he to himself, "I will never be so mean as to take advantage of his confidence, and I will show him that I can keep my word, for, indeed, I am beginning to like him, and think he means to do right by me." Still, he could not repress a feeling of dissatisfaction that now,

when he again was free and nearly restored to health, when, in consequence of a promise, there was every facility offered for a successful flight, he dared not attempt to gain the full amount of liberty he so ardently wished for, since he felt himself completely fettered by his promise. Besides, he could not help knowing that the undertaking would be a very foolish one, for his mother, now fully aroused to a sense of duty, had shown him she would not encourage his rebellion against his teacher, for she too insisted on obedience. Harry had nothing to do but submit, and thinking that he had managed his late project very badly, at length gave up all idea of ever running away.

But the consequences of his folly were not yet over; he had to suffer, not only through a continued hoarseness, but otherwise. The boys had gone out one day with Mr. Hubert to collect specimens for a cabinet one of them was making up. It was no uncommon thing; they often went out to hunt butterflies and beetles, and when they came home laden with

spoils gathered from the fields and woods, they were as happy as if returning from a successful expedition to California.

On the day just mentioned (Harry could not go with them on account of his cold, although he would gladly have done so) they came back unusually elated. They said that, having gone farther than they at first intended, Mr. Hubert, finding himself in the neighborhood of a gentleman's house, proposed, as the owner was a particular friend of his, that they should go there and rest for an hour. Mr. Harrison was a very wealthy man, owning many large farms, and as he had the reputation of being very hospitable, Mr. Hubert was quite sure they would be made welcome. "And so we went," said Charley "and a nice time we had; we were ever so sorry you were not along."

"And what do you think?" chimed in Will, "they made us stay for supper. Mr. Harrison would not let Mr. Hubert go. It was grand I tell you. Here, I brought a big apple—a belle flower—and I'll give

it to you because you were not there, and you can't get such as that every day."

"Wasn't it a good supper?" interrupted Ned, "and didn't we eat like everything?"

"Like everything, or like forty?" said Charley laughing, "which I suppose, Ned, means hungry boys, and we certainly were that, for there is no better sharpener of the appetite than ranging the woods and fields after specimens as we had been doing."

"How I do wish I had been along," said Harry. "But is this Mr. Harrison a gentleman, or just a rich, rough farmer?"

"He is a gentleman," replied Charley, smiling; "even you would call him so; but you have not heard the best part of it, which is this: Mr. Harrison is going to have a harvest festival, (you know it is a Pennsylvania custom,) and we are to be invited, and Mr. Hubert said we might go. It is always held after the grain and fruits are harvested, and is a kind of thanksgiving party; the tenants and their families are all invited, and we and others;

don't you think it will be nice to go, Harry?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply; "I should like it of all things."

"We are all to go, every one of us," cried Ned, "Mr. Harrison said so; but there, that is the bell for evening prayers," and, happy as if they were the possessors of kingdoms, they ran off to obey its summons.

The subject was renewed while they were brushing their clothes, a task which was always performed before going to bed; and on this occasion required rather longer time, as their jackets and pants bore very visible evidence that there was plenty of dust in the woods and fields, which could be had for nothing.

"Were you ever at a harvest festival, Harry?" asked little Ned.

"No, never," was the reply; "I have heard of them, but they did not have them in our neighborhood. Have you ever been at one, Charley?"

"O yes! last year Mr. Harrison invited all Mr. Hubert's family, and we went as

part of it," answered Charlie; "it was grand, I tell you."

"Why, what did you do?" asked Harry, wondering how enjoyment was to be obtained at an out-door feast among a parcel of boors.

"There was a beautiful creek, the bank of which was covered with thick woods; well, the table was set there under the trees, and lots and lots of good things were placed upon it. We sailed in a boat and caught fish, rode on the horses, and drove a little two-horse wagon."

"Ah indeed," interrupted Ned, "that was the best part of all; Mr. Harrison's coachman, old Frank, let me drive too, and he only held one rein."

The others laughed at this driving in partnership. Harry declared he would have no objection to go if they would let him ride on horseback or drive the little two-horse wagon; he declared, however, that nobody should hold the reins for him, he never did anything by halves.

As he uttered this speech he thought he observed a mischievous twinkle in

Will's eye, and slight symptoms of a smile playing round Charlie's mouth ; and in a moment he recollected himself and the new character in which he was hereafter to appear. A few days ago he would have flown into a passion and resented it ; but now he checked the rising feeling and said mildly, " Come, boys, let us go to bed ; I am very sleepy, and, you know, not a very good hand at getting up early."

In a few minutes each one had sought his pillow. Charley extinguished the light, and the remembrance of the happy day they had spent was almost immediately lost in the brighter visions which, brought by sleep, were born from the enjoyment of their working hours.

Two days passed over in the usual routine of study and play. On the third, Mr. Harrison made his appearance and invited the whole family to the harvest festival, which was to come off on the morrow. The boys were in the playground at the time of his arrival, therefore they knew nothing of the invitation

until the next morning at breakfast time, when Mr. Hubert announced that there would be no lessons that day, as the most of the family were going to the harvest festival, and he supposed, being particularly invited, the boys would go too.

Great was the joy visible in each youthful face at the tidings, and they were hurrying out of the room in order to give vent to the gladness of their hearts, which were brimming full and must run over, when the voice of their teacher called them back. "Boys," said he, "I am sorry to be obliged to say that you cannot all go. Harry must stay at home because he is not sufficiently recovered from his cold. I wished that he might go, but Doctor S. thinks it would be imprudent, as it will be late when we get home, and exposure to the night air would increase his hoarseness, which is obstinate enough as it is."

Harry did not say a word; he was greatly disappointed; but he knew that he had no one to blame but himself, and once more recognized that error always

prepares its own punishment. The joy of the others was greatly damped by hearing that "poor Harry" was not to go, and each one declared himself willing to remain at home with him.

"Charlie, you know it would not seem right to leave him all alone," said Will, "we ought to do as we would wish to be done by; one of us surely ought to stay."

"I am willing," replied Charlie.

"And so am I," said little Ned, "I shall not have half fun, for I would be thinking of poor Harry moping here at home by himself."

"No, Ned, no, boys;" cried Harry, "none of you shall stay; it would trouble me more to have spoiled your pleasure than to stay alone."

This was a magnanimous act for our hitherto selfish Harry. Not very long since he would have accepted the sacrifice of their enjoyment as his right, but he was now beginning to see things in a different light, dimly, it is true, but still it was the dawning of a better state.

On application being made to Mr. Hu-

bert, he decided the matter at once and with satisfaction to all. "Mrs. Hubert is not quite well and prefers to stay at home," said he, "so Harry will be left in good hands; I am, however, very much pleased with the spirit he has manifested in choosing to stay alone, rather than spoil the pleasure of another. Therefore, Harry, as you have a long day before you, you can, as you have your lessons ready for to-morrow, get the key of the school-room library, and choose some amusing book which will keep you from thinking the time too long."

This settled the matter; the boys accompanied their teacher to Mr. Harrison's festival, and Harry was left to enjoy a long day by himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER MISADVENTURE.

THE boys, accompanied by Mr. Hubert, set forth in high glee, which they manifested in every possible way, their kind teacher imposing no restraint upon them when out of school. Firm, and never allowing the slightest breach of discipline where it was his duty to be strict, in times like these he relaxed from the teacher into the friend, and it would have puzzled the boys to determine whether they did not love and honor rather than fear him.

Harry saw them from the window until they were lost among the distant trees. Tears filled his eyes, and it was with a feeling of utter loneliness, such as he had never before experienced, that he prepared to consider how he would spend the day. He had never had any companion of his own age at home, and then had not missed what he had never possessed; but now,

after having been accustomed to the fellowship of his comrades, he felt the want of their society to be a great privation. He wandered first through the house, then through the front yard down to the little gate, which was left unlocked, and for a moment the tempter was busy at his heart. What a fine opportunity now for running away! Should he take advantage of it? Nobody would see him, for all were away except Mrs. Hubert and old Nicholas, the plowman, who stayed at home because, he said, he saw "no use in such fooleries."

He opened the gate and looked out; there the broad road lay temptingly before him; he advanced a few steps, and his heart exulted at the thought of liberty. But had he not pledged his word? and if he broke it now, how could he ever hope or expect to be believed again? Still, freedom to do as he pleased—such as he had enjoyed at home—how hard it was to resist such an opportunity of regaining it.

But with the thought of home came also the recollection of his mother, pale and sick as he had always seen her.

What had she said? "Obedience is better than sacrifice;" and now, since she had returned his letter, would she encourage his rebellion against his teacher by receiving him as he wished? No, he felt that she would not. He knew that such conduct would grieve her, and he would gladly spare her all uneasiness. So, listening to the whispers of his good angel, he retraced his way, shut the gate, and went back to the house.

Asking Mrs. Hubert for the key of the school-room library, he obtained it, and selected a book. "The Young Marooners" seemed to promise him amusement, and for a time he was interested; but the sun shone so brightly, and the air was so mild, it seemed impossible for one who had passed so much time out of doors to stay in the house.

He next got his arithmetic and slate, and did a whole page of sums; but how slowly the time passed! He looked at the clock; it was not near dinner time. Old Nicholas was shaking down the late pears; he would go and help him; "that

was the very thing." And so it proved, for it kept him employed until Mrs. Hubert called him to dinner.

"Come Harry," said she, her sweet countenance radiant with good-humor, "as you and I are to dine alone to-day, and we are both invalids, I thought we ought to have something a little nicer than common." I have therefore made you a nice little pudding just for yourself, and made Nicholas take a fresh box of honey. Look at that beautiful comb; did you ever see anything prettier? It is so white and inviting."

Harry was delighted not only with his nice dinner, but with himself and everything else. He had a good conscience and an excellent appetite, which enabled him to do ample justice to the luxuries set before him, and he could not help expressing his satisfaction to Aunt Pattie.

"O Auntie," said he, "it is so nice to work. After the boys started, for an hour or two I did not know what to do with myself, but after I got to helping old Nicholas I grew quite contented. I think

it is almost as nice to pull pears as to sail about on the creek, don't you?"

"It is always right to make the best of everything," said Mrs. Hubert, "and I am glad to see that you try to make yourself happy; the elements of happiness are in ourselves, if we only set ourselves to find them out and use them."

"Nicholas has done pulling the pears, Auntie, but I do so love to be in the sunshine that I cannot stay in the house. I am going to the garden, if you please, and will gather some flower-seeds for you. I can put them up in folded papers, and label them as I saw Charley do."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Hubert, "but do not stay out long, lest you increase your cold. I will call you when it is time to come in."

Harry once more found his happiness in being employed. The sun was so pleasant, for it was one of the most beautiful of autumn days; he first cut his paper into pieces, then took his pen and ink and went down into the garden. He gathered quite a variety of seeds, which, as he care-

fully collected, he inclosed in little square envelopes and carried into the summer-house, where he labeled them, "Mignonette," "Larkspur," "Dianthus," or whatever else was the name of the species.

The hours passed by more rapidly than he believed possible; and although he thought over and repented of all his late silly acts, which had subjected him to so many mortifications, and caused his present disappointment, he admitted that for the first time in his life he had found out the pleasure of being usefully employed.

"I do wish I had not been such a block-head as to try to run away; only for that I should be shaking down nuts, driving the little wagon, or sailing on the creek with the other boys. And to think how nearly I was tempted to run away again to-day! O, but I am glad I did not. I could never have looked Mr. Hubert in the face; and Aunt Pattie, only to think how good she is! I could hardly help at dinner time telling her how near I was running away. One thing is certain: let me do as I will, I am determined always

to tell the truth, for I have had enough of lying."

His task was finished, his papers folded up and marked, and he was once more at leisure to do as he pleased. His back was weary from stooping, and he began to think of going into the house and finishing "The Young Marooners." But it was still early, the sunshine was so inviting, and besides, Aunt Pattie had said she would call him. So he thought it would be a nice thing if he could climb up the garden wall and sit upon the top, which being rather broad and provided with a board covering, formed quite an eligible place for a look-out. The wall was rather high, but Harry, aided by a step-ladder and a little effort, was soon seated on the top.

A pleasant sight met his eye. Directly outside the garden was a meadow, in the midst of which ran a clear brook; the banks were fringed with willows which had not yet lost their foliage, and the grass was green as though wearing the first verdure of spring. It was not the

charms of nature, however, that arrested Harry's attention, and made him forget that many tedious hours were yet to be passed before his companions would return. Most probably he would be asleep, for as there was now full moon, they might be tempted to stay late, and Mr. Hubert had said something about the night air.

Harry forgot all about them and the festival, for down in the meadow, near the stream, he saw several boys, apparently of the working class, in close conversation with each other, as if discussing some important matter. It soon became evident what that matter was; for the number, originally four, gradually increased to that of twelve, the stragglers coming in from different directions. They were going to play soldiers, but their military display was of the rudest kind, for they had no uniform, arms, drum, or fife; and the only distinguishing mark between officers and men was, that the captain wore a long chicken feather in his straw hat, and the other officers sprigs of green.

The captain, two lieutenants, and the drummer, the four who arrived first at the meadow, were from the neighboring village, the others were farm-boys in the neighborhood, who had stolen a holiday while their employers were at the harvest festival.

Childhood is very inventive in discovering substitutes for what they want in their pastimes ; for instance, a little fellow once playing baker substituted an old portmanteau for a kneading trough, and a closet for an oven ; and these boys, ignorant as they were in most things, showed themselves not less possessed of the faculty to contrive. Instead of a gun, each one was armed with a stout hazel rod ; a cotton handkerchief, on which was painted a ship in bright colors and the words "Rule Britannia," and not at all suggestive of American notions as signified by the stars and stripes, served for a flag. This, tied by one corner on the end of a tall switch, was raised aloft by the bearer, who strutted rather than marched, with an air that showed he thought himself of

vast importance. Another member of the little troop, who was also quite sensible of the honor of his office, was the drummer. In those early days the now common article of a child's drum was unknown; but the boy was inventive, and made his own—we were about to say—drum; it was, however, more like a gong, which instrument of Turkish music the lad having never seen, certainly did not try to imitate; his idea was altogether an original one. It was nothing more than the bottom of an old tin kettle, in which he had bored a hole, and suspended by a string of red flannel listing round his neck; and, beating on it lustily with two hickory sticks, he certainly made a noise, if it was not music. Instead of the usual fife accompaniment, two of the boys whistled or sung, not always in the same time or tune; but as the young recruits marched to the music the three made without objecting, it made no difference, and just served as well as a regular drum and fife, and they were as happy in their sport as if they were West Point cadets,

practicing for amusement. Their marching was such as might be expected, without rule or order, or knowing anything about "left," "right," "carry arms," "order arms," and so forth; every one went his own way, quite satisfied to keep behind the drum instead of getting before it.

Harry, who had seen many a military parade, was highly amused to watch this awkward troop; and as his naturally buoyant spirit rose at the sight, he forgot his late adventure, repentance, sickness, and Mr. Hubert. He was the old Harry Kingsley again, and became filled with the same desire to rule as he had been at home. Finding the captain did not at all understand his business, he was seized with a desire to teach "the awkward fellows" their exercise, the terms of which he knew. "They don't mind their captain at all," said he to himself, "but they will surely obey me; he is a boor, and I am a gentleman."

But while he thus thought about teaching those boys submission to *his* will, it never occurred to him that he was in the





No. 702.

Henry playing Soldier.

face," he turned to the left, and coming suddenly upon the one next him, would knock him down.

"You are the greatest blockhead I ever saw," cried Harry, at last getting out of patience; "why don't you do as I tell you? Don't you know your right hand from your left?"

"To be sure I do," said the lad, "this is the right;" but instead of turning in that direction, he swayed round to the left and threw the whole rank in confusion.

"I do believe you are doing so just to provoke me," cried Harry, now seriously angry; and going up to the refractory soldier, he gave him a box on the ears as well as the command, "To the right about, face!"

"I won't face about right for you," cried the little rebel; "what right have I to do what you tell me?"

"Because I am your captain, and have a right to command you," said Harry in a passion; "so if you do not obey me I will strike you again."

"Will you?" said the lad, "I would like you to try that ere again," and he began rubbing his hands as if preparing for battle; but not receiving any encouragement from his fellows, he once more took his place quietly.

"Attention! to the left!" commanded our self-willed hero; but Steve Kelly (for that was the boy's name) did not now trouble himself to obey; he marched just where he pleased, here and there, before the drum, beside the captain, or took the corporal's place in the rear. Some of the boys laughed, and Harry now becoming very angry, lost all control over his temper. "Did I not command you to turn to the left?" he cried, as he struck the boy a pretty smart blow on the shoulders with the rod he held in place of a sword.

Steve Kelly was much smaller than Harry, but he was very stout and had a strong pair of fists, which he well knew how to use in the way of fighting. On feeling the blow, he turned quickly round on the self-constituted captain, and snatching the hazel rod out of his hand, began

to switch him roundly, the blows following each other in such quick succession that Harry, overcome with pain and surprise, was entirely deprived of his usual self-possession.

"So you must command me, Mr. Upstart," repeated the rebellious soldier again and again; "turn about is fair play; I'll do as I please, and larn you to keep your orders to yourself."

The other boys, recovering from the surprise occasioned by the suddenness of the transaction, now began to interfere. "Leave off, Steve, or you will catch it," cried one. "Farmer Steele will hear all about it, and give you an awful beating for coming here to the meadow instead of watching the cattle."

"Yes," said another, "and what do you think will Parson Hubert say when he hears how you have beaten one of his boys?"

"I know very well what he will say; the one who began the fight was the worst, and he hit me first, so I'll hit back, and I don't care what anybody will say; I

aint going to let myself be hit by any one, even if he does pretend to be a gentleman. I'll give it to him now for all his fine clothes, and larn him to keep himself to himself."

As he thus spoke, he continued to use his hazel switch as vigorously as ever.

Harry was not a coward, but he was weak from his recent sickness, and having no means of defense against the blows thus rained down upon his back and shoulders, he found himself obliged to beat a hasty retreat, which he did, followed by his enraged enemy even to the garden wall. His face glowed for shame for his defeat, and his back smarted with pain bestowed by the strokes of the hard switch; but his mortification rose to the highest pitch only when the other boys raised a shout of laughter when the conqueror rejoined them.

Anxious to shut out the now hateful sight of the meadow, and drown the noise of the rejoicing victor over his defeat, he climbed hastily up to the top of the wall and jumped down on the inside. Agita-

ted and exhausted, his movement was too hasty; he fell and broke one of the small bones of his arm. Mrs. Hubert, who long since had thought it time he should come in, had called him repeatedly, and now, uneasy at receiving no answer, had come to the window to look if he was still in the garden. Maybe he had run away again? No, she was at the window just in time to see him fall, and forgetting her own indisposition, in a moment was beside him. Raising him up and kindly inquiring what was the matter, she received no answer but tears; but however ignorant of what had happened beyond the wall, she was soon acquainted with the injury to the arm. Therefore, kindly forbearing to trouble him with questions, she helped him into the house, arranged a couch and pillows on the sofa, and sent Nicholas off with the carriage for Doctor S., who fortunately was found at home.

"Ah," said the doctor, "another adventure, Master Harry? Now don't cry, lad; we'll soon have it all right again." And getting his splints and bandages

ready the arm was set, not, however, without a great deal of pain to the owner, who, even in the midst of the suffering occasioned by the operation, could not help confessing to himself that he could not blame the boy, as the accident was another consequence of his own self-will.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAWNING OF BETTER THINGS.

As Harry seemed a good deal exhausted Dr. S. recommended quiet; and as Mrs. Hubert never made any bustle about anything he was soon left to the enjoyment or rather condemnation of his own thoughts. Nicholas, after taking Dr. S. home, was to go to Mr. Harrison's for Mr. Hubert, who returned with him, leaving the three boys to come by themselves at a later hour when the festivities would be ended. In the mean time Harry had leisure to recall, not only the occurrences of this day, but many others which had happened long ago, and which, although occasioning him great pain at the time, had nearly faded out from his memory. First in the rank came old Walter Rowley; how he must have suffered from the blows given by the hoofs of the unmanageable horse; then little Bill Allen with

his wounded leg; next poor Barney, who lost his place through his good-natured yielding to a request solely dictated by self-will; and, in all that he had suffered lately, he saw by the light that was now breaking in upon his mental darkness how justly he deserved his present suffering, and that it was his own misconduct had brought the severe chastisement upon him.

He was glad to be alone, for he could weep to his heart's content. He had now been made to feel what it was to suffer from the stronger, even if not the just power; but he could not declare himself injured, for he had begun the battle and he had no right to interrupt the play of the boys or strike Steve. The boy had only done what any other of his class would; he, being assailed, had taken the right given by might into his own hands, and, as is generally the case, dealt forth double measure.

Repentant, and determined to tell the truth, Harry related the whole to Mr. Hubert on his return, keeping back noth-

ing, not even the temptation, to which he had nearly yielded, of breaking his word and running away. He begged that Mr. Hubert would not say anything to Farmer Steele, for it was entirely through his own love of having his own way that he had disturbed the boys in their harmless sport; that when he had mingled in it they had yielded gently to his rule, and that Steve, although awkward and stubborn, did well enough until he was provoked out of his good behavior by his own passionate and arrogant conduct. "I struck him first," continued Harry, "that made him angry, and he didn't try to do right; but it was not until I hit him a second time that he turned upon me, so please don't say anything to Farmer Steele, for may be he might flog him, and he is not to blame. It is altogether my own fault that I am suffering."

Greatly pleased to hear such an acknowledgment from the late unruly boy, Mr. Hubert took advantage of his softened mood to impress upon his mind the importance of self-government, and the necessity

of keeping constant watch against falling into error. "Moral heroism," said he, "is a great thing, for 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city, and he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty.' You see, Harry, how many times your inconsiderate doings have brought you into trouble; therefore, in future, take time to think before you act, since 'he that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.'"

This advice, given in such a kind, fatherly manner, made a deep impression on Harry. He expected reproof, stern and harsh reproof; but instead he had received a mild but impressive admonition, to which his heart responded. Assured that his teacher, whom he had hitherto regarded as a tyrant, was his best friend, he from this time began to love him as much as he before had hated him.

His comrades, whom he had at first dubbed "common fellows," and thought were by no means on an equality with

himself, because they brushed their jackets and cleaned their own boots, came in for a large share of his affection also, for, as he was again confined to his room, they gave up their plays in the open air and remained much with him. Pitying his suffering, and lamenting the tedious hours he must pass alone, they tried in every possible way to amuse and make him forget himself. They read aloud, or else related stories which they had read, and mostly selected those of such interest as made Harry for the time forget the pain of his arm. Nevertheless he often wondered that boys of their age should choose tales so full of instruction as well as amusing, and at last came to the conclusion that Mr. Hubert had a good deal to do with the selection.

All these things working together for good, and Harry, without any counter-acting influence, having time to think, in a short time became completely changed; his arrogant bearing vanished, his self-love was conquered, and his wayward temper transformed into mildness and

forbearance. Instead of believing that every one was bound to obey his bidding, and receiving kind offices as his right without making any return, he learned to recognize and respect the rights of others, and showed himself grateful for any favors his young companions conferred upon him.

His present reformation did not, however, render him forgetful of his past errors. The indulgence of his self-will had been productive of injury to others; but how to atone for them he inquired of himself. Old Walter's severe wound from the horse, Bill Allen's injured leg, and poor Barney's discharge—ought he not to do, or at least try to do something for them all? He wrote with great difficulty, for although it was his left arm that was broken he was obliged to keep it in a sling by which the free movement of the right was somewhat impeded. Nevertheless he wrote a long letter to his mother, in which he confessed everything, and told her how much he had suffered and the great change he had

undergone, adding that she need never fear his vexing her again by falsehood and deception. In conclusion he begged her to give his little silver watch to Bill Allen, and to ask old Walter to take Barney into his service again. "If he does not I will not believe that he has forgiven me. I know now," he wrote, "what it is to be sick and in pain, and as I cannot undo what is done I wish to make up for it by every means in my power. So, dear mother, please give him the little watch, and if he values it half as much as I did he will forget how badly I treated him, and not be angry with me any longer; and old Walter—I cannot send him anything, but I know if you ask him he will forgive me."

Harry now numbered the days until he should receive his mother's answer, so greatly he longed to see her handwriting once more, although he feared her displeasure on account of his attempt to run away and his late adventure with the peasant boys, which had caused his present suffering.

“If she is angry,” said he to himself, “I cannot help it; but I have confessed the whole truth to her, and Mr. Hubert says that to confess our faults is the first step toward right; so as her anger is nothing more than I deserve, I will bear her reproofs patiently, and in future try not to deserve them.”

Days passed, but no answer came; Harry did not know what to make of it; his fears portrayed her as being ill in consequence of hearing of the accident to his arm. His anxiety had risen to the highest pitch, when one day it was suddenly changed into joy by seeing a carriage that much resembled his mother's drive into the court-yard. Yes, it surely was their carriage; there was old Moses in the coachman's seat, and those horses, if they were not Ranter and Lightfoot, were so very much like them as to be readily mistaken.

There was no mistake; the carriage stopped in front of the door, and Mrs. Kingsley, the invalid, who had not left her chamber for years, stepped from it.

Harry's heart beat wildly ; he would gladly have flown to meet her, but surprise and joy rooted him to the spot, and she had entered the house and was seated in the parlor before he had summoned sufficient courage to go down stairs.

The meeting between the mother and son was such as might be supposed, joyful in the extreme, although Harry stood before Mrs. Kingsley with a broken arm, pale, and bearing strong traces of recent sickness. But his mother, now viewing everything through a new and more healthful medium, was convinced that his whole moral being was in a salutary state, and the longer she remained with him, to her great joy, found her confidence as to the sincerity of his reformation increase. Mr. Hubert told her all that had occurred ; Harry also made a most impartial statement of facts, keeping nothing back, and not endeavoring to excuse himself ; and as she noticed the change in his looks, he begged her not to be uneasy at his paleness, which he said was only caused by confinement, as he was not sick now.

“Mr. Hubert wrote to me that you had a bad cold,” said she, “but at the same time said that it was nothing serious, that there was not the least occasion to be uneasy. But now you are looking so pale I will give you your choice, to go home with me and stay until your arm is quite well, or remain here. Mr. Hubert also says ‘he wishes you to do as you please.’”

Harry was silent for a little while; home, with all the liberty he could enjoy there, the woods, the fields, the pony rides; and now, being autumn, the fruit pulling, cider making, and nut gathering, all grouped in one enticing picture, came vividly before him, and for a moment he was tempted to say, “I’ll go.” But his better angel prevailed; the struggle between inclination and duty was severe; but resolute now not to yield to self, he determined to remain, and not expose himself to the danger of falling back into his old habits.

“No, mother,” said he candidly, “I should love dearly to be with you, but I think it is best for me to stay here; they are all as kind to me as it is possible to be,

and I could not in my sickness have been better cared for if I had been at home. I have given Mr. Hubert much trouble, but I have now learned to know myself better, and what are my greatest faults, faults which I never thought of overcoming when I was at home. But I have not far enough conquered them so as not to be in danger from temptation, as my broken arm proves. But, dear mother, I am going to try to do everything in my power to make you happy; and if Mr. Hubert is entirely satisfied with me during the remainder of the term, you may send for me at Christmas, as that is a holiday time. I am so far behind the other boys in my studies that I am often ashamed, and my arm is not now so painful but that I can study."

Mrs. Kingsley could not conceal her surprise. Was this her wayward Harry, subdued and brought within the bounds of reason in so short a time? How was it done? Only by the magic of a firm, steady, and consistent rule, and a teaching by love and meekness, which is the spirit

of the great Christian Lawgiver. Although scarcely able to realize so great a change, she blessed the day when she gave her son up to the guidance of Parson Hubert. It had cost her a great effort to part with him, to send him so far from home, and so entirely against his will ; but it had succeeded, and she felt herself fully repaid for the sacrifice she had made. Truly, the seed had been sown in tears, but now she was reaping the fruit in joy.

She prepared for her journey homeward, and it was performed with a lightness of heart to which she had long been a stranger. She was quite happy as far as Harry was concerned ; and feeling that she also had been much to blame in the indulgence of useless grief for the dead, instead of doing her duty to the living, she began also to consider in what way she could best employ the wealth which God had given her in benefiting others. She compared her life with that of Parson Hubert, and decided that his condition, humble and obscure as it was, was preferable to her own, for he was discharging

the duties belonging to life most faithfully, whereas she felt herself terribly delinquent.

Harry saw his mother depart, it is true, with regret, but it is astonishing what encouragement and cheering there is in a right performance of duty. He stood on the steps and watched the carriage that bore her away until it was hidden by the intervening trees, and going back to his room, began to study his lesson, and thus once more conquered self, which would have required time to grieve.

And now, resolute to tread the path of right, he kept his word with Mr. Hubert. From the day of his adventure with the peasant boys he was altogether changed; the visit of his mother had done him good, for he saw her no less changed than himself, and the evident delight she exhibited at witnessing his transformation, was a great incentive in determining him to continue the course he had begun, and, as he could not help confessing to himself, made him happier than he had ever been before.

There were times, however, when he

was sorely tried, for no self-conquest is so easily obtained that there are not many temptations to fall before the triumph is complete ; but he now knew what was his besetting sin, and kept on his guard, and prayed daily for help from Heaven. When tempted to indulge in a display of self-will, he had only to recall the scene in the meadow, and the humiliating lesson given him by Steve Kelly, which had led to such a painful result as breaking his arm.

There were also many occasions which offered themselves for telling and acting falsehoods, or perverting the truth ; many times when the "white lie, lie of necessity, or fib" as he had been used to call them, might have been spoken ; but rising superior to the temptation, he avoided the snare. Formerly he had indulged in their use without compunction ; but now conscience was awake, and when her still small voice admonished he obeyed her warnings. He remembered what Mr. Hubert had said : "Be sure your sin will find you out," and his own experience

showed him that one falsehood is the fruitful parent of many, and brought sorer punishment than an open confession of the truth.

As the days passed by, and each one made the performance of duty easier, he learned to yield implicit obedience to his teacher, and abate all his haughtiness to his school-mates, so that at length he had nothing to conceal or confess. Convinced that Mr. Hubert had no other end in view, in whatever restraint he saw proper to impose on his pupils, but their ultimate good, he learned to love him, and as "there is no fear in love," for "he that feareth is not perfect in love," he now rendered his obedience readily and felt his duties no burden.

And so, dear reader, the late spoiled and wayward Harry, under the supervision of a conscientious teacher, aided by the example of the other boys, and sustained by his own determination to conquer all his evil propensities, became entirely changed. Those acts of arrogance, self-will, and deception in which he had

indulged only brought perplexity and pain; but now that he had turned from evil and was pursuing the right, he felt himself rewarded in the enjoyment of his present happiness, which was a thousand times greater than he had had even in the successful prosecution of his own will.

CHAPTER XV.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

HARRY, as we have already told our young readers, on at first coming to Mr. Hubert's rather looked down on the boys as inferiors, but at length became much attached to them, but more particularly to little Ned, whose pleasant temper and kindly ways made him a favorite with everybody. Harry was much the elder; but Ned, who had been studying his books while our hero was ranging in the woods or planning mischief, was greatly above him in learning. Not only did the kind little fellow assist him in getting his lessons, help him in all his difficulties, and in many things set him a good example, but he bore with all his humors patiently, and if he saw him sad, had always some tale or anecdote to tell in order to cheer him. Harry felt that he owed him a great deal; for he had done

more for him than any other lad, whether relative, dependent, or companion.

Ned was not inferior to Harry in rank or station. He was an orphan; and losing his parents at a very early age, he scarcely recollected them. He had lived with his guardian until he was sent, two years ago, to Mr. Hubert's school, and since then had never been away. He saw the other boys go and return twice every year, but he, poor fellow, had no home to go to. But although, affectionate as he was, he could not help feeling sad as he contrasted his lonely lot with theirs, there was no envy mingled in it.

One day while Harry was still nursing his broken arm, Ned was in his room, and they both began to talk of the approaching Christmas holiday.

"How nice it will be to get home," said Harry; "my mother will have lots of everything good. Are you going home at Christmas, Ned?"

"No, I do not know that I am; I have no home to go to," he replied sadly; my parents are dead long ago, and since

my guardian sent me here, two years ago, I have never seen him or been sent for."

"O how hard! what a cruel man he must be," said Harry indignantly.

"O no," said the little fellow, "he never was cruel; maybe he is a little indifferent, but Mr. Hubert says he takes great care of my property. I am sure I ought to thank him for that, as well as for sending me here, for I have spent my vacations very happily with Mr. Hubert and Aunt Patty. Indeed, Harry, I do not think I could love my own mother better than I love Mrs. Hubert, she has been so kind to me."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry; I shall never forget how good she was the day when I broke my arm; she is good and no mistake. But, Ned, if I was in your place, after a while, when I got bigger, I'd give my guardian a piece of my mind about his neglecting me so."

"Indeed I won't," replied Ned; "I thank him for what he has done, and aint going to quarrel with him for what he has omitted. He might have used and

wasted my property, which he has not; and besides, Mr. Hubert always tells me that quarreling never does any good, but a soft answer turns away wrath."

Harry was corrected; he was silent for a few minutes, and then said, "Ned, how would you like to go home with me? We would have such a nice time together."

"O Harry," replied Ned, his black eyes sparkling at the thought of change, "but I would like it; do you think Mr. Hubert will let me go? And your mother? Maybe she would not like it. Ah, Harry, I am afraid I shant get leave to."

"My mother will be glad to have you, Ned," said the impulsive Harry; "and if you really would like to go, I'll ask Mr. Hubert this very evening when he comes up to my room."

"Indeed," replied Ned, "there is no mistake about liking to go. When I used to see Charley and Will counting the days until school would close, and seemed so glad to get home, I did not envy them, but just felt a little sad, and thought I

would like to have a home to go to. But, indeed, will you really ask, Harry?"

"To be sure I will, and on this very evening too," was the reply.

Harry was as good as his word. Since he had broken his arm, Mr. Hubert had come up to his room every evening, and so our hero had a fine opportunity of preferring his request. It was readily granted, but under two conditions: the first one was, to write to his mother for her sanction; the second, that he should make a certain proficiency in arithmetic, of which he had always evinced a perfect abhorrence, declaring that he knew he "never could learn to cipher." However, "where there is a will there is a way." Love knows no burdens, and Harry accomplished his task with comparative ease, because he set himself to do it in earnest.

Mr. Hubert professed himself satisfied, and in giving Ned permission to spend his Christmas vacation at Rushton Furnace, bade him be careful to maintain the confidence he was reposing in him.

“For the first time, my son,” said he, “you are left to your own guidance; keep a steady rein over self, trust in your Saviour, and you will do well. You will have to go out into the world ere many years, both of you, as men; therefore, begin to prepare for the battle that awaits you in life by proving yourself steadfast and trustworthy as boys.”

And now the end of the term arrived; books were closed, examinations over, trunks packed, and the happy boys had only to await the several messengers who were to be sent to convey them home. The twenty-third of December came, and with it the carriage of Mrs. Kingsley. It drew up in front of the house almost at the same time as another which was sent for Charley and William, whose parents lived near each other. O the joy! who can describe the rapture that boys feel when vacation time comes, and they are about to go home, “they have been away so long.” And yet it is strange but true, they are, most of them, equally glad to return to school.

With much shaking of hands, the lads took leave of each other; parting however with real regret from Mr. Hubert and Aunt Patty, and promising to return as soon as the few weeks' vacation was ended. Little Ned was almost wild with delight; an excursion like this was something so new that he could hardly realize it until he saw the carriage, and Nicholas bringing his trunk and strapping it on behind. "Good-by, Mr. Hubert! Good-by, auntie! and everybody," resounded until they reached the large gate.

As they had to stay one night on the way, an old servant was sent to take care of them. Moses, the coachman, managed the horses, and the weather being good, although the ground was covered with snow, the journey though a long one was most pleasant. Harry contrasted his present cheerful mood with the sullenness he exhibited when last he traveled it in company of Dr. Martin, and he felt somewhat ashamed at the thought of meeting the good man after treating him so rudely.

Owing to a slight accident to one of the horses, which made him a little lame, it was late on Christmas Eve when they reached the house of Mrs. Kingsley; but that house presented a beautiful sight as the carriage drove up the avenue. Harry had been accustomed always to see the front dark, for the parlors had been shut up ever since his father's death; but now the shutters were open, and light streamed from almost every window.

"There, Ned," cried Harry, "we are at home; bring yourself in as soon as you can, but I must run and see my mother," and leaving his companion to follow, he jumped out of the carriage and ran up the steps in order to seek her. He had not far to go; uneasy at the delay of the travelers, she had heard the sound of wheels and was at the front door looking out for them. We will not describe the meeting between the mother and son on this spot. They had parted in sorrow, but all now was joy. Ned soon followed Harry and received a most cordial reception.

"And now," said Mrs. Kingsley, after

hearing the cause of their being so late, "come in; supper has been waiting for an hour," and as she spoke she led the way into the parlor. A brilliant sight awaited them; the folding doors were open, a bright wood fire was burning in the fireplace, and a large Christmas tree, the top of which reached nearly to the ceiling, sent forth its aromatic odor, and, rich in abundance of fresh and verdant foliage, gave the room an appearance of summer, which contrasted pleasantly with the wintry scene without.

Supper was announced, and our hungry boys sat down to a substantial meal, such as in the good old primitive times folks used to prepare for travelers and expected them to eat. And on this occasion they did eat; shall we say heartily? No; like hungry boys, whom it is a pleasure to see in the enjoyment of a good meal.

Supper was soon dispatched, and once more they sought the parlor. Harry thought he had never been so happy in his life. The servants and men from the furnace were all assembled to greet the

young heir ; Mrs. Kingsley had prepared a gift for each, and in receiving the unexpected favor, they were quite as happy as he was. He shook hands cordially with all. A few months ago he would not have touched those rough hands for anything, now he never thought whether they were hard or not ; he saw nothing but the sincere expression of kindness manifested in their honest faces.

“Sure enough,” said Jim Stokes, the groom, after they left the room, “Master Harry is a good bit changed. I mind the day he rode off on Rattler ; he gave me a hard cut over the hand. I think he aint as proud as he was, for he thought himself too good to shake hands with any of us then.”

“Well,” rejoined an old forgerman, “I always thought he would mend ; his father was a good man, and I am sure I hope he’ll be like him. The child was left pretty much to his own will, and what could you expect but that he should be heady.

A good supper had been provided for

them, to which they did ample justice ; and the kitchen fire, on which the Christmas log had been placed, sending forth a cheerful blaze, offered a further temptation to remain. Seated around the hearth and smoking their pipes, they remained until the housekeeper sent word it was time to shut up the house. They discussed our hero and his late pranks at some length ; the remarks, however, were by no means ill-natured, for most of them regarded him as a spirited lad, and concluded that he would do well yet ; for “ a young colt would canter, whether it was up hill or down hill.”

We will not detail their conversation, lest our readers should grow weary, but follow the family into the parlor, where the bright lights were still sparkling amid the spiky foliage of the Christmas tree, the dark green of which formed a pleasing contrast to its bright colored surroundings.

But who is that sturdy little fellow standing near the table, squeezing and crushing his cap as cruelly as if he wanted

to alter its shape? Harry recognized him at once as little Bill Allen, the miller's son; he had come in while they were at supper, and his cheeks were redder, either because of the frosty air, or because he was so bashful, than even at the time at which he met him in the wood. He had a basket on his arm full of large hazelnuts. They were not of the wild kind, but had been evidently cultivated with care. Blushing deeply, he advanced to meet Harry, made his best school bow, and stammering through bashfulness, begged he would accept them as a Christmas gift. "I have nothing else to give you, Master Harry, but these are very good; we have three or four bushes in our garden, and my mother gave me leave to pick this basketful for you. She said I was wrong to behave as I did about the strawberries, for there were plenty more, and if I had given them as you asked me, there would not have been any quarrel. I hope you will like them, and not be angry with me. Mrs. Kingsley gave me your little watch which, she said, you told

her to do. O it is so nice to have a watch, and I am so thankful you gave me one."

Much ashamed, Harry took the basket, and as he turned over the nice large nuts that it contained, he said: "I am much obliged to you, Allen, for the nuts; but you can give me something better, which is, to forget my bad behavior to you in the wood the day we quarrelled about the strawberries. I am ashamed to think how ill I treated you. And now you must stay all the evening, and to-morrow Ned and I want you to go round with us to see the neighbors. Must he not, mother? we are going to have a merry Christmas, and Bill must help us."

Mrs. Kingsley gave a pleased consent; and now the servants coming in, each received a small present, being at that time more usual to present the gift on Christmas Eve than Christmas Day. Bill Allen received a very nice penknife; Ned a most beautifully bound book full of historical tales, and embellished with colored engravings. Nothing could have given him

greater pleasure than a book of this kind, for he was very fond of reading.

Harry received his present last of all ; it was a small gold watch which struck the hour, of handsome workmanship, with a guard made of his mother's hair. Mrs. Kingsley knew that there was nothing which Harry loved better than a watch, and appreciating the self-sacrifice he made when he bade her give his little silver watch to Bill Allen, she resolved to give him another in place of it. In examining it closely, an inscription was found in the inside, engraved in small but beautifully plain letters, admonishing the young owner, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Harry was no less surprised than delighted ; he had not expected such a costly present ; he read the motto again and again, and was at no loss to understand its meaning. Overwhelmed with gratitude and other emotions, he threw his arms around Mrs. Kingsley's neck, and exclaimed :

“My dear mother, I feel ashamed when I think how little I have deserved your kindness. How patiently you have borne with all my frowardness and bad behavior. But now for the future I am determined to do right, and make you as happy as I once made you sorry.”

“We can do nothing of ourselves, Master Harry, we must have help from above,” said a voice with which our hero was well acquainted. It was that of old Walter Rowley, whom Mrs. Kingsley had invited to come on Christmas Eve, and who had just entered the parlor while Harry was speaking. The old man received a cordial greeting, and to the inquiries he made as to what had become of poor Barney, and why he had not come with him, he answered that he had, according to his request, taken the Irish lad back again, and that he was coming on the next morning to wish him a merry Christmas. He greeted the son of his late beloved employer in a manner which left no doubt of the sincerity with which the pardon he had asked was granted; and when Harry

said to him, "Walter, I hope you will never have occasion to complain of me again, for I am determined to try to do right," the old man's face beamed with a look of delight as he replied:

"With help from a higher power strengthening us, we can do all things, Master Harry; and we are told that 'no evil can happen to the just;'" and then in a voice expressive of deeper emotion he added: "'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.'"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Kingsley, and laying her hand upon the wavy locks of her reformed boy, a silent prayer, such as can only proceed from the heart of a mother, was breathed up to heaven, and no doubt became registered there.

THE END.

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